

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 81.—VOL. IV. NEW SERIES.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1860.

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The year is divided into Three Terms; namely, Lent, Easter, and Michaelmas. Lent Term begins January 1st, and ends April 30th. Easter Term begins April 1st, and ends July 31st. Michaelmas Term begins October 1st, and ends December 31st.

The Vacations are from the end of July to the 30th of September; from the 1st of December to the 31st of January; and from the day before Good Friday to the end of Easter week.

Fees to be paid each Term in advance, and notice of one Term to be given previously to removal. No reduction made for occasional absence. References exchanged.

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GEOLOGY.—KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—PROFESSOR TENNANT, F.G.S. will commence a COURSE OF LECTURES ON GEOLOGY, on Friday Morning, January 27th, at Nine o'clock. They will be continued on each succeeding Wednesday and Friday at the same hour. Fee 12s. 6d.
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MR. WALLIS'S Exhibition of Modern Paintings and Water-Colour Drawings, now open at the Suffolk Street Gallery, Pall Mall.—The collection comprises some of the finest known gallery pictures by our best masters, with many new works, and now added a fine collection of Water-colour Drawings, many of which are painted expressly for this exhibition.—Admission is open from Nine o'clock until Five.

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GEORGE GODWIN, Honorary Secretary.
LEWIS POCKOCK, Secretaries.

444, West Strand, 10th January, 1860.

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[JANUARY, 1860.]

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in behalf of the government whose iron hand was prepared, when its own hour of peril was overpast, to crush them into the dust. Throughout the whole of the last European war, the chivalrous Magyars fought as though for their own fatherland; and in the conflict provoked by the Austrian cabinet with Napoleon, they did the Kaiser high and noble service. That they were induced, in a great degree, to be thus profuse alike of their gold and of their lives by national vanity and a naturally bellicose spirit, is scarcely to be doubted, since Francis II. was by no means a monarch to be thus zealously served for his own sake: and Napoleon had no sooner been driven from Russia than the Estates of Hungary began to claim the reward of their loyalty and patriotism; but Austria no longer cowered before the frown of the defeated Corsican, and the old struggle between the king and his Magyar subjects was resumed. Vain were all the remonstrances of the indignant Hungarians. Francis dissolved the Diet of 1812 and 1813, and resolved to reign without the interference of nobles, knights, or burgesses; a resolution to which he adhered until the national demonstration of 1819 and 1820 alarmed the cabinet of Vienna so seriously, that it was deemed advisable to re-assemble the Diet, in order to cast a portion of the odium on the representatives of the people. Public feeling in Hungary had, however, attained to such a pitch of exasperation, that it was not until 1823 that it was considered safe to convolve it, when one of its first acts was to impeach the king's lieutenants and commissioners, who were, however, saved by the interference of the crown. The attempts to enforce the Magyar idiom upon the conquered races was a most impolitic measure on the part of this same Diet, as the Austrian agents profited by the circumstance to foment the ill-feeling and jealousy of the foreign populations, and thereby to weaken the internal strength of the nation. After the French revolution of 1830, Francis, by consent of the Diet, resigned the crown to his son Ferdinand, himself retaining the government; and the prince was accordingly invested with his new dignity in great state at Presburg; after which Hungary remained tranquil until the period of the Polish insurrections, when a demand for fresh levies of recruits was cheerfully met by the enrolment of 20,000 additional men, to augment, when necessary, the ranks of the Austrian army. Up to the year 1833 the internal economy of the country was in a deplorable state of misrule and stagnation; and while every other European nation was rapidly increasing in wealth and intelligence, Hungary remained stationary. Her schools had fallen off; her courts of justice were venal; public offices were openly sold; the peasantry were borne down by taxes and feudal imposts; there were no manufactories, and she had no means of either import or export of produce, all her trade being monopolised by Greeks and Jews, while her provinces were infested by banditti, gipsies, and vagrants; a state of things which the subtle policy of Austria covertly encouraged, as it tended to isolate the Hungarians from the sympathy of the other European countries. Several bills were, however, passed by the chambers at the Diet, which greatly ameliorated the condition of the suffering classes, while the people triumphantly asserted their freedom of election; and Louis Kossuth, a man whose name has since become familiar as a household word throughout Europe, first appeared on the stage of public life. Born of poor parents in an obscure

village in the county of Zemplin, his early habits of application and aptitude for study attracted the attention of the magnate to whom his father officiated as land-steward, and by his kindness he was enabled to prepare himself for the legal profession: and he had attained his twenty-seventh year, when his noble protector obtained for him the stipend of a parliamentary agent and reporter. Of his earlier career our author tells us, that

“Although considerable interest has been excited by later events respecting the early career of a man whom many consider as the prototype of the good and bad qualities of his nation, yet so blind were the loves and hatreds which clung to him, that little or no authentic information has transpired on the subject. The few facts which can be said to be established show him a gloomy and eccentric boy, and a youth in whom habits of study and application were curiously blended with some less creditable pursuits. His enemies have accused him of excessive intemperance and sexual immorality, and of gambling and dishonesty in money matters. His friends protest that Louis Kossuth's youth passed amidst the purest and brightest aspirations, that he remained a stranger to the vices of the age, and that the dishonesty, intemperance, and immorality of the dominant Austrian faction could never seduce the ascetic severity of his morals, or the Catholic rectitude of his principles. Fiction reigns undisturbed where facts fail, nor is it possible to reclaim the life of the Hungarian dictator from the extravagant assertions of party romance, so long as those who are most likely to know the truth are most interested in concealing it. There is reason to fear that some portions of Louis Kossuth's life, such as the alleged embezzlement of public moneys, will always remain debatable ground for biographers and the writers of political memoirs; for, rightly or wrongly, he was charged with the crime and prosecuted, and the documents relative to that prosecution have been destroyed.”

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“Injunction after injunction was issued from Vienna, and disregarded by Mr. Kossuth; who, assured of the protection of the magistrates of Pesth, and glorying in the attacks of an unpopular cabinet, sought still further to goad his opponents to measures of violence; and the cities of Buda and Pesth witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of a company of grenadiers, with fixed bayonets, marching to arrest a single and defenceless man. The reason why so strong a force was sent to do the office of constable has never been explained. Even at the time it was a question with the witnesses of the scene whether the cabinet sought to awe the public mind by an imposing display of military force, or whether those in power over-estimated the amount of popularity which their persecution had gained for Mr. Kossuth. But whether from bravado or fear, the result proved that the Austrian government committed a terrible fault, if not a crime, in arresting the franklin of Zemplin, the salaried clerk of a county gentleman, and the publisher and editor

of a small local newspaper, with all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of a martial expedition."

There is, however, one feature of this case of so remarkable a nature, that it affords a striking illustration of the real character of the man who, after having succeeded by his astuteness and heartless egotism in involving his country in bloodshed in order to advance his own ambitious schemes, and who, in his transitory elevation,—like Louis XIV. of France, who stood watching on one bank of the river his brave army gloriously fighting in his service on the other, and lamented aloud that "his greatness prevented his passing to the opposite shore,"—after having applied the brand to the funeral pyre of his country's tranquillity, always retired, as the danger spread, to a convenient distance, where he might himself remain unscathed. "What would you do, General?" he asked on one occasion of Görgey, "if our troops were defeated?" "I would surrender," was the reply. "And I would shoot myself," was the rejoinder of Kossuth.* Yet the author of this heroic declaration, the ex-dictator and ex-governor of Hungary, who reached the acme of his greatness when some of the English journals dubbed him *Prince Kossuth*, did not shoot himself, although worse calamities than we will hope even he had contemplated overwhelmed the gallant but misguided men, who had for a brief space submitted to his rule. Return we, however, to the circumstance to which we have already alluded, as connected with his parliamentary reports in 1856. The Archduke Joseph, Prince-Palatine of Hungary, having been informed that the journalist was a needy man, who—and all praise be to him in this instance, if it indeed were so—had established the paper rather as a means of providing for his widowed mother and a dependent sister than from a rooted principle of hostility to the government, kindly sent to advise him to abstain from its publication before he subjected himself to arrest, and to a prosecution by which he must be ultimately ruined. Kossuth, however, affecting to believe that an Austrian Archduke could not by any possibility condescend to take any interest in so very insignificant a person as himself, declared to the Imperial messenger—Count von Festitch, if our memory does not betray us—that he could not presume to hope that he had been honoured by so direct an intimation; and it was in vain that the Count even pledged his honour to the fact. The reporter remained humbly incredulous, declaring that nothing save an assurance to that effect in the autograph of his Imperial Highness would ever suffice to convince him that he had been the object of so flattering and honourable an exhibition of graciousness; but that once so convinced, his gratitude and his duty would alike compel his obedience. Anxious to save the helpless women whose fortunes were bound up in those of the son and brother, from the destruction which he was well aware must soon overtake them should Kossuth persist in his wrong-headed system of opposition to the orders of Metternich, the kind-hearted prince, within eight and forty hours, repeated in writing the same advice and warning, and the result of his charitable action was the appearance of his letter, lithographed in *fac-simile* at the head of Kossuth's next report, as an evidence of the dismay which its author had created in the Austrian cabinet! This act of treacherous ingratitude chilled many hearts towards its perpetrator, and even those who sympathised

with the politician were compelled to condemn the man. Immediately after this discreditable exploit, an order for the arrest of Louis Kossuth arrived from Vienna.

We quite agree with our author that so formidable an array for so very small a purpose, was a decided mistake on the part of the government, and one which only tended to invest an insignificant individual with a seeming importance that would have been laughable, had it not proved to be mischievous. Thenceforward Louis Kossuth became, in the eyes of the disaffected portion of the community, at once a hero and a martyr; how he has worked out the first phase of this view of his character, the events of the disastrous war of 1848 and 1849 sufficiently demonstrate; while the martyrdom is written on the pages of history by the bullets, the halters, and the whips which have drunk the best blood of Hungary, leaving the declared victim himself without a scratch. Our author then goes on to say:

"While Kossuth awaited his trial in the 'New Prison' of Pesth, his name became the watchword of the opposition, and his liberation was considered as the rallying-point of the wildest hopes. Nor could this popularity be lessened by the arrest of other liberals, although these later victims were more conspicuous, some by birth, and some by a longer and more active public career. The Count Raday, Madaraz, Ujhazy, B. Wesseleneyi, and Balogh shared the journalist's fate, and were arraigned with him before the same tribunal. The sentence against Wesseleneyi and Kossuth condemned them to three years' imprisonment, 'for having disobeyed the king's orders.'"

His statement is perfectly correct. That Baron Wesseleneyi and Louis Kossuth were arraigned before the same tribunal, and condemned to the same punishment; but he has omitted to mention that the two individuals did not suffer for the same fault, and cannot, for an instant, be placed in the same category. Wesseleneyi was a high-born and high-hearted patriot, a man to whom it was given *nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa*; who, disregarding his own personal interests, boldly denounced at a general county meeting the wrongs committed against his country by the Metternichian cabinet. During the course of his speech, he fully and fearlessly expressed his sentiments regarding the Imperial policy, declaring that "Austria was sucking the marrow of the Hungarian peasantry;" and he, moreover, inveighed bitterly against such of the magnates as, in order to secure their places under the Emperor's government, clung to their old prejudices, which they misnamed *privileges*, and by so doing retarded the moral progress of the country, and impeded the establishment of a law tending to improve the social position of between eight and nine millions of the unprivileged classes. Such was the political crime which brought Baron Wesseleneyi side by side with Louis Kossuth at the bar of the Royal Court of Justice; by which, and the Supreme Courts of Appeal, he was sentenced to an imprisonment of three years for high treason, at the same time with the parliamentary reporter.

And now we must be permitted to digress for a moment, and to inform such of our readers as are unacquainted with the fact—and they must necessarily be numerous—that at the great inundation of Pesth in 1838, this really heroic man, with a spirit of self-abnegation which should have won for him a monument in all hearts, attained as he was, and on the eve of expiating his patriotism by an irksome captivity, ventured upon the still half-frozen Danube alone in a frail boat, and,

spurning alike danger and fatigue, spent entire days upon the river succouring his fellow-creatures; and actually, as it is positively asserted, rescuing no less than two hundred individuals in one day! It is an indelible blot upon the name of Austria, that, on the subsiding of the waters, the magnanimous Wesseleneyi was still held responsible for a few intemperate words. But what a blessed, what a holy mine of thought for his solitude had he secured! And it is at least a mournful source of gratification to know that his gigantic efforts on the occasion to which we have alluded, compelled the Austrian cabinet to permit him to proceed to Grefenbach on *parole*, in, we believe, a vain endeavour to preserve his sight. Mr. Wenkster will, we feel satisfied, pardon us for having pointed out the enormous discrepancy between the two men, as it is far too striking to be overlooked by an impartial chronicler. A fictitious reputation may be easily obtained by strength of will and obstinacy of purpose; but the real, genuine, self-abnegatory heroism of a generous spirit must outlive and trample it into oblivion. There was no armed guard, no military array to marshal Wesseleneyi to his prison cell, but many a prayer and many a thanksgiving went with him, which will not be forgotten or overlooked at a higher tribunal than that by which he had been condemned.

That the spirits of the oppressed Magyars had been bowed but not quelled, and that the policy of Austria was as halting as it had previously been ill-judged, is fully proved by the next extract which we shall make from our author:

"When, after two years' confinement, the menacing attitude of the Hungarian counties induced the cabinet of Vienna to conciliate the public by an amnesty, Mr. Kossuth left his cell in the fortress of Buda, broken in health, and exasperated to the last degree. 'My fate rests in God's hands,' said he, at a later period; 'it is His to consign me to suffering, to exile, or to the block; but even His power shall never again make me subject to the Hapsburg dynasty!'

"It is strangely characteristic of the Austrian government, that after raising Mr. Kossuth from his obscurity to the eminence of a political antagonist, and after giving him bodily proofs of their cruelty and vindictiveness, they should at the eleventh hour have sought to gain him over to their party. Their measures to that effect were as petty and awkward as their former persecutions. If the liberated convict had been left to starve or live on the bounty of his friends, his poverty would have ruined his independence, and crippled his energy. If he had been appointed to an important and lucrative office, his patriotism would have been suspected, and his condition envied by those who could not hope for an equal amount of good fortune. The cabinet of Vienna, impelled by a strange fatality, chose a middle course between the two expedients. They sought to conciliate their enemy by granting a license for a newspaper, the *Pesti Hirlap*, and they consented to Kossuth undertaking its management. Nothing could be more advantageous for a man of an almost feminine softness, vanity, indolence, and irascibility, than to be thus thrown on his own resources, and compelled to come again before the public, with the reminiscences of a victim and the glory of a martyr. From that time forward, Louis Kossuth took his place among the leaders of the opposition. At the elections for the Diet of 1840 and 1845, the government succeeded in preventing his return as a member of the Lower House, or Board of Estates; but his influence grew apace, and when the Diet of 1847 opened, the opposition had obtained a signal triumph in the elections, and Mr. Kossuth took his seat as member for the county of Pesth."

* Görgey's "Vindication."

That this weakness and short-sightedness of Metternich was amply avenged subsequent events have proved. He had warmed into life the serpent which was to sting him, and which he might, by one effort, have crushed beneath his heel. The implied vaunt of Louis Kossuth was almost justified by the concessions made to him; when from an obscure and insignificant individual, only tolerated by the magnates as a political tool, he became the representative of the national grievances, energetically did he avail himself of the false position to which he had attained. Like all self-made men, with nothing to lose, and everything to gain, he spurned at all half measures, which might have tended to conciliate the two parties; but it was not until the overthrow of the Orleans dynasty, when a committee of inquiry into the affairs of the Austrian Bank was demanded by the member for the city of Raab, that Kossuth gave evidence, in a speech made on that occasion, of the real views which he was anxious to carry out as regarded Hungary:

"He thanked the member for Raab for his zeal, but doubted its judiciousness. The want of confidence which had been shown would suffice to warn the government, that a candid statement of the financial condition of the country was a matter of absolute necessity. The funds had been lower in 1830 than at the present season, and the Austrian Bank was in danger only if the government of Vienna persisted in its traditional policy. If that policy were reformed, to suit the necessities of the time, the bank was safe. It was to this point that Mr. Kossuth sought to direct the attention of the house. A radical reform was wanted. Hungary was safe, if it were possible to animate her constitutional forms with the breath of life; and, to effect this, it was necessary to change the absolutism, which prevailed in the other Austrian provinces, into a constitutional government. Unless this be done, unless Austria discard the arbitrary spirit which pervades her councils, all the generous energies and talents of the Hungarian legislators are wasted in vain endeavours. And their endeavours must needs be vain, unless they are supported by the loyal declarations of the various nations of Austria."

An address to this effect, proposed by Kossuth, was accepted by the Lower House, but unsuccessfully opposed by the magnates; and it was finally resolved to send a deputation of eighty members to Vienna to present the document to the Emperor; when

"The formal expressions of the address were more fully interpreted by the speaker of the deputation. A separation of the government, the administration, and the finances of Hungary from those of Austria was demanded."

Ferdinand, utterly at a loss to find any sufficient pretext for refusing compliance, consented to what was asked of him; but the other members of the imperial family, together with their headpiece and mouthpiece, Prince Metternich, were less disposed to make such sweeping concessions; and for the first time in his life, when they urged him rather to resist at any risk than to authorise the virtual independence and secession of the Hungarian kingdom, the weak and timid monarch found sufficient energy to assert himself. "Am I, or am I not, the sovereign of this country?" he asked angrily, upon which the discomfited archdukes withdrew, and the deputation quitted the presence with a gracious assurance that their demands should be satisfied.

Now commenced a new phase of political existence for Hungary. A separate and responsible national cabinet was formed with the imperial sanction, of which Count Louis Batthyanyi was elected president; but this con-

cession was far from meeting the requirements of the Radical members of the aristocracy and learned professions, who, with the students of the university of Pesth, held tumultuous meetings, in order to force the Diet to make further demands, or, in default of its so doing, to send a deputation of their own to Vienna, to insist upon "an independent cabinet, annual parliaments, liberty of the press and religious worship, and an amnesty for all political prisoners." Disorder reigned throughout the capital; printing presses were seized and set to work; the magistrates were coerced into signing the petitions; and a state prisoner was forcibly released from the fortress of Buda, and paraded in triumph through the streets; while to enforce the popular resolution of compelling equality of religious rights, three Jews were elected into the city committee. It will be easily understood that, in accepting office under such circumstances as these, Count Louis Batthyanyi had prepared for himself no easy task; but he was sanguine of ultimate success in securing the independence of Hungary, even while he preserved her allegiance to the crown of Austria. With this double purpose he became the chief of the Liberal opposition in the House of Magnates, and supported the struggles of Kossuth for reform; but the whole country was soon one wide scene of anarchy and confusion; and while he had to combat such conflicting passions and interests at home, his difficulties were increased tenfold by the grave obstructions placed in his path at Vienna. The appointment of such men as Deak, Eötvös, and Szechenyi among others as members of his cabinet gave signal offence to the officials at Vienna; while the nomination of Kossuth to the important post of minister of finance was peculiarly odious to the Imperialist government. In vain did he endeavour to reassure the Viennese authorities, by striving to procure from the parliament a vote of subsidies against the Italian insurgents; a demand so diametrically opposed to the traditions of his past career as nearly to neutralise all the effects of his subtle oratory, and quite sufficient, although he was enabled by the support of the cabinet to pass the bill, to arouse suspicions of his honesty of purpose. The effort came, however, too late. The government of Schwarzenberg and Stadion was not to be so lightly reassured. Their reverses in Italy and Bohemia, and the insults offered to them in their own capital, had exasperated the Hapsburg family; and when the Imperial court was compelled to fly to the mountains of the Tyrol, strenuous efforts were made to plunge Hungary into the horrors of a civil war, in order to check, and if possible, to annihilate all her hopes of national independence. Secret orders were sent from Vienna to the governors of fortresses and commanding officers of regiments, instructing them to defeat, by "prudent management," the measures of the Hungarian cabinet; and these officers, who all formed a portion of the Austrian army, greedy of favour and reward, no sooner saw the general panic subside, than they took stealthily but certain measures to ensure the defencelessness of Hungary at a period when it was threatened by a host of enemies upon its very threshold,—Croats, Slovacks, Servians, and Wallachs, all smarting under the arrogant despotism of their former conqueror, burning to revenge their wrongs, and needing little to goad them on to reprisals. The Croats, headed by their Ban, Jellachich, and urged forward by secret agents from Vienna, declared against the Batthyanyi cabinet, and ere long, through the influences of their chiefs,

an anti-Magyar league was formed by the Croats, Serbs, and Slovacks; and in a short time Jellachich expelled the Hungarian commissioners, and quartered his troops on certain districts of the Banat, whose inhabitants were favourable to the cause of Hungary. In this emergency the Magyar cabinet made an appeal to the Emperor, when the minister degraded his Imperial master by the enactment of a diplomatic farce as disgraceful as it was treacherous. An Imperial manifesto was published, declaring that Jellachich had been suspended from all his dignities and offices as "a traitor against the Emperor's crown and dignity;" and two days after its appearance (on the 12th of June), the Ban proceeded to the court at Innsbruck, where he was admitted to an audience by the Archduke Francis Charles, heir-apparent to the throne, and his wife, the Archduchess Sophia; while no later than the 19th of the same month, Ferdinand of Austria was induced to accept the homage of a man, whom he had only nine days previously branded as a traitor and a rebel. The Servians were next permitted to constitute themselves into a separate crownland, and to secede from Hungary without any reference to the Hungarian cabinet: and measures were taken by the Viennese government to prevent their acceptance of the conciliatory overtures made by the Magyars, and to perpetuate the feud. How the unhappy Hungarians were betrayed by the Austrian officers, who led their comparatively small army, when the hostile neighbours at length met in the field, is matter of history; it was written in letters of blood at the frightful massacre of Neusatz. Opposed by an overpowering force, and beset by treachery, but still brave, energetic, and resolute, the Magyars held their ground, until Kossuth gave notice that on the 11th of July, he should move a resolution for the defence of the country. On his entrance to the chamber, the agitator was supported by two of his friends, with hollow eyes, pale cheeks, and an appearance of hopeless general debility. But ambition conquered the exhaustion of ill-health, the iron will overruled the feeble frame, and after animadverting upon the double-dealing of Austria, he demanded that the House should vote an extraordinary credit of 42,000,000 of florins for the mobilisation of an army of 200,000 men, of which 40,000 were at once to be enrolled. His demand was granted, but it was not long ere the effect of the speaker's eloquence having waned, the opposition members began to repent so great a concession; while Batthyanyi, too honourable himself to be enabled to give credit to the alleged deliberate treachery of Austria, perseveringly continued his efforts at reconciliation. Anxious to solve the question beyond dispute, he proceeded to Vienna, but it was no longer the policy of Stadion to amuse the Hungarians with delusive promises. He was delayed in the capital, but could not succeed in obtaining an audience of the Emperor. A written reply to his demands was, however, sent to Pesth on the 21st of August, in which it was declared that "the concessions made in March were incompatible with the Pragmatic Sanction, that they undermined the stability of the Austrian empire, and ruined its provinces, and that the Emperor had not the right to make those concessions;" and, finally, the Hungarians were required "to resign the advantages acquired during the convulsions of the Austrian revolution."

"In reply to this memorial, Mr. Kossuth induced the parliament to send a deputation of one hundred members of the Lower House, and of twenty magnates, to inform the emperor of the

sentiments of the nation, and to demand most energetic measures against the rebellion of the Serbs and Croats. The deputation left Pesth on the 5th September: its instructions were to proceed to Vienna, demand an audience, and return unless that audience were immediately granted. In Vienna the deputies were received by an excited populace, which welcomed them with cheers and other expressions of sympathy. They saw the emperor, who read his reply, (contrary to the Austrian custom) from a paper prepared for the occasion. It was evasive. The deputies left the palace, and ornamenting their hats with red plumes, in token of war, they returned to Pesth, where the result of this last endeavour was forthwith communicated to the parliament."

A short time subsequently :

"The Ban of Croatia, with an army of 40,000 men, had crossed the Drave, the frontier of Hungary Proper. His soldiers devastated the country along the whole line of his march. The Hungarian forces were in full retreat, and the sword and fire of the Croats threatened the walls of Great Kanisha."

We have now laid before our readers, a brief analysis of the combined causes which forced upon the Hungarians a bloody and a hopeless war. We have endeavoured to give a correct although necessarily brief sketch of the antecedents of the nation; and as the contest itself occurred at so recent a period, we shall abstain from entering into details which must be fresh in the memory of every one. Beseet by treachery both within and without, this gallant struggle of a noble and warlike people was a moral as well as a physical one; confidence abused, good faith forfeited, and courage rendered impotent, were its leading characteristics; and for the positive transactions of the short but fateful campaign, we feel that we cannot do better than refer our readers to the pages Mr. Wenkster himself, whose lucid narrative must prove doubly interesting at the present moment, when there is great reason to apprehend that all the horrors of war are about to be renewed on the same battle-field.

The Diaries and Correspondence of the Right Hon. George Rose, containing original Letters of the most distinguished Statesmen of his day.
Edited by the Rev. Leveson Vernon Harcourt. 2 vols. (London: Bentley, 1860.)

THIS is both a valuable and an interesting book; far more so, indeed, than we anticipated. On first seeing it announced, we conjured up visions of official dullness; dreary pages of correspondence on forgotten subjects; countless details, trivial in themselves, and totally uninteresting to all save those whom they specially concerned. These charming qualities are generally to be met with in volumes of correspondence, whether political or literary. But, though we anticipated being bored, we have been agreeably disappointed. Both the matter and the manner of the book are far better than we expected. As regards the materials of which it is composed, we have a long and confidential series of letters between Pitt and Mr. Rose, another series of letters from Bishop Tomline, a few letters from Lord Eldon, Canning, Marquess Wellesley, Mr. Perceval, &c. Besides these there are several, possessing a painful interest, from Lady Hamilton. And as these all treat more or less of state affairs, they throw a considerable light on home and foreign politics, during the eventful period between 1780 and 1810, a series of some thirty years. Besides the letters, we have large extracts from a diary which Mr.

Rose sedulously kept during the greater part of his life. These extracts show their writer to have been a steady man of business-like habits; not in the least brilliant, but blessed with sound practical sense, and withal amiable and benevolent, ever turning his advantages to good account; extremely fond of pay, but at the same time diligent and conscientious in the discharge of his duties; in a word, highly respectable and eminently official.

Our readers, however, must not expect any high gratification from the perusal of Mr. Harcourt's volumes. He has, we are bound to say, evinced considerable skill in the arrangement of his materials. But he appears to be aware that they are destitute of the elements of popularity; for he considerably warns us not to expect "curious discoveries, large views, striking reflections, literary criticisms, or piquant anecdotes." And assuredly Mr. Rose's *Diaries and Correspondence* are singularly free from these inviting items. But, nevertheless, they possess an interest "entirely owing to the light thrown on the character of Mr. Pitt." Whether Mr. Rose was capable of throwing much light on such a man as Pitt, is a question which we are not prepared to answer. He worshipped his chief, and supported him enthusiastically. During a long official connection, Mr. Rose only twice was opposed to the great Commoner. He was one of the staunchest of Tories, and could not away with Pitt's more liberal plans for reform, and slave-emancipation. His extreme Toryism is noticeable from first to last,—from the time he modestly ventures to state his reasons for differing from Pitt on reform, to the year 1809, when he notices the appointment of the late Mr. Croker to the secretaryship of the Admiralty, and strongly disapproves of it; on the ground, we presume, that the new secretary was in favour of Catholic emancipation. In fact, this *Rose Correspondence* transports us to an earlier period; not far removed from our own time, counting by years, but far removed as the regions of fancy, in thought, and system, and way of life. That pleasant writer, Dr. Doran, has in his happy manner sketched a portrait of Mr. Rose, as "An Old Picture on a New Panel," apropos of the book before us, in the pages of an able contemporary. And this is the light in which to view Rose. As regards himself, he is in no way remarkable; but as bringing the past before us, he is to be read with attention and profit. A pressure of engagements having prevented our noticing this book before, we shall not trouble our readers with much detail respecting Mr. Rose's career. An abstract of a biography is undoubtedly the best way to present the subject. But abstracts are only allowable to first comers: for this reason we shall be brief in our sketch.

The sources from which the particulars of Mr. Rose's life are derived are three in number. They are to be found in his letters and diaries, now first published; secondly, in an elaborate but somewhat dull document drawn up by himself, dated "Cuffnells, Sept. 17th, 1817, in my seventy-fourth year," in which Mr. Rose records most of his recollections; thirdly, in some graceful notices of her father, contributed by Miss Rose. These last tell us more of the man as he was than any of the other memoranda. But after all we are somewhat in the dark. Our German friends, ever anxious for glimpses of what they so affectedly call the inner life, will be sorely disappointed with our hero's biography. The Rev. Sydney Smith, in one of the humorous articles he discharged at Mr. Rose for his work on Fox's "History," tells

us that the best part of Mr. Rose's life was passed in taxing other people, and he cannot therefore be *interesting* in any other way. Despite this high authority, we shall venture to offer a few remarks on the victim of clerical wit.

The family of the future secretary to the Treasury ranked tolerably high in Scotland. On his father's side, George Rose was descended from "Rose of Kilravoe," and maternally from the family of "Rose of Westerclune." The Roses were staunch Tories, and something more. Our hero's father suffered imprisonment in 1745 (a year after the birth of his son), for too much complicity with the leaders of that rebellion. We are not informed as to his subsequent fate, but his circumstances could not have been flourishing; and he was glad to transfer his son, when only four years old, to the care of his brother-in-law, who lived in the pleasant village of Hampstead. This gentleman took considerable pains with his charge, putting him to school at his own expense; and in due time enabling him to enter the navy, under Captain James Mackenzie, who treated him like his own son. The young middy dined at the kind-hearted captain's own table. Notwithstanding these favours, and some more substantial ones which speedily followed, Rose's uncle feared that his interest at the Admiralty was insufficient; and, on the declaration of peace in 1763, the lad quitted the service, after having been in one or two engagements in the West Indies, and was thrown on his own resources at the age of nineteen; for at this critical juncture his uncle died. Misfortunes, says an oft-quoted proverb, never come alone. The lad was fated not only to lose his benefactor, but also a legacy of 5000*l.*, which was intended for him by his uncle. A strange mystery hangs over the story of the bequest. Mr. Rose, we are told, could hardly allude to it in after years without agitation. But fortune was so soon to take the youth under her especial protection, that we will not wait to pity him, but pass on. His address was good. From the first he was, if not talented, shrewd and *pushing*. His uncle's friends took notice of him; some good introductions followed; and then begins a long series of preferments, more numerous than any which, falling to the lot of a cleric, has provoked the wrath of upholders of the voluntary system. What Radical reformers will say to the list we do not know. Mr. Cobden, who, now that Free Trade is a *fait accompli*, cultivates literature so successfully,—as witness his translations from the French,—may well make this part of the book a text, by which to point a moral and adorn a tale. For ourselves, we confess to feeling a little overpowered at the complacency exhibited by the Editor in recording them. They are so many entries to the credit side of Mr. Rose's ledger, all of them undisguised profit. We should not much object to this,—for, doubtless, there was no one else in all England worthy of even a portion of the offices,—did we find any distinguished services which might serve as a *per contra*.

No sooner did the salaries augment than Mr. Rose married. When he married we are not informed. The editor, who tells us, somewhat naively, that his marriage was the most interesting passage in his life not political, and blames Mr. Rose for being so silent, has not vouchsafed to throw any light on the subject. Our female readers will, we fear, turn to another article, on hearing this want of gallantry! The same barrenness of detail is evinced in the account which Mr. Rose gives of his travels. He had for a companion no

less a person than Lord Thurlow: but of his tour, we simply know that he met Mr. Pitt—the god of his idolatry—and are further treated to a few names of places. But as to what occurred on the road—what “moving accidents of flood and field” befell him and his august fellow-tourist,—what inns they put up at, whether the wines were good, the dinners well dressed, the beds well aired,—what they saw, and whom they met,—naught is said on these points, out of which most travellers make so much. As the account stands, it is far more meagre than the account Dr. Johnson gives of his travels in France with the Thrales, which we always took to be the poorest account of an outing in print.

After this starting point on the high road to office and wealth, we lose sight of Mr. Rose in his own person. Henceforth he is the associate of Mr. Pitt, and plays the part of *double* most assiduously. Lords Shelburne and Marchmont, too, are his patrons. With Lord Marchmont, indeed, he soon became intimate. It was for this nobleman that he indited that answer to Fox, which drew on him the terrible castigation of the *Edinburgh Review*. In the book before us, there is a laudation of the Earl from the pen of Mr. Rose, and some not uninteresting notices of his ancestors. The Earl lived on the most intimate terms with Bolingbroke, who was so fond of him, that he wrote a series of essays, dedicated to the Earl, of a very different character to all his published works. These essays, which would have added an agreeable chapter to the *Curiosities of Literature*, were entrusted to Mallet for publication after the author's death. But laden as he was with Bolingbroke's other works, Mallet caused them to be destroyed. The passage has an interest of its own, from the light it throws on an elder age. We, therefore, have much pleasure in quoting it:

“Lord Marchmont entered public life at an early age, having been chosen for the town of Berwick, and soon made a considerable figure in the House of Commons in opposition to Sir Robert Walpole; which party he led after the secession of Mr. Pulteney. When his seat became vacant on his succession to the peerage on the death of his father, Sir Robert said to Mr. Morley (who lived on terms of great private familiarity with him) that he was relieved from the most troublesome opponent he had in the house.

“The Earl had lived in habits of the closest intimacy with Lord Bolingbroke, both in England and in France. This afforded opportunities, in frequently repeated conversations, for his lordship's stating to me everything interesting which passed in the reign of Queen Anne and George the First, as familiarly as if the occurrences had taken place in his own time; some of these will probably be stated hereafter.

“I will here, however, in justice to the memory of my invaluable friend, say that on religious points there was no union of sentiments between these two men. On the other hand, it appears by a letter of Lord Bolingbroke's, dated in 1740, from Angeville, that he had actually written some essays dedicated to the Earl of Marchmont, of a very different tendency from his former works. These essays, on his death, fell into the hands of Mr. Mallet, his executor, who had at the latter end of his life acquired a decided influence over him, and they did not appear among his lordship's works published by Mallet; nor have they been seen or heard of since. From whence it must naturally be conjectured that they were destroyed by the latter, for what reason cannot now be known; possibly, to conceal from the world the change, such as it was, in his lordship's sentiments in the latter end of his life, and to avoid the discredit to his former works. In which respect he might have been influenced either by regard for the noble Viscount's consistency, or by a desire not

to impair the pecuniary advantage he expected from the publication of his lordship's works.

“Besides Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Marchmont lived in the most intimate habits with Lord Chesterfield, Lord Cobham, Lord Stair, Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, Mr. Littleton, Lord Cornbury, Mr. Pope, and other eminent persons. And his memory being perfect to his death, made his society most interesting, as he was in the habit, with me, of constantly narrating anecdotes, and mentioning what had passed in the former parts of his time.”

Throughout these volumes we find Mr. Rose expressing a vast number of opinions on a vast variety of (political) questions, but we are seldom struck with them. He is generally gifted with a strong but near vision; on nearly all questions he is behind his time—and even quarrels—only to make up again—with Pitt, more than once, on account of his liberality.

When he travelled on the continent, we looked for notice of the terrible Revolution, either prospectively or as it occurred, but scarcely a word do we find about it. The cares of office are so absorbing, and Mr. Rose has so many offices! Again, we seldom meet with particulars of, or opinions on, the principal topics, then of conversation, now matter of history; indeed, Mr. Rose appears to have been somewhat thankful for a very quiet life and humble enjoyments, as the following extracts will show:

“On my return to England, in October, 1783, I found Mrs. Rose in a furnished house at Portsmouth, near Southampton, rented of Mr. Lintot. I went there in a day or two after my arrival in England. I travelled post to Winchester, where my phaeton met me. It was on a Sunday, and as the horses did not get there till after me, I set off on foot, with orders to the coachman to follow me when the horses should have had their bait and sufficient rest. At Compton, a little village two miles on the road, I was overtaken by a shower, which made me seek shelter in a small public-house, the extreme neatness of which I could not help contrasting with the dirt and inconvenience of the houses by the roads on the Continent. The parlour, in which the family were going to sit down to dinner, was as clean and neat as possible; and on the table were a nice piece of roasted beef and a plum pudding,—articles I had not seen for a long time.

“I found Mrs. Rose quite well; the two boys were at school; George, at the College at Winchester; William, at Mr. Richards's, a private seminary there. I remained quietly with them till the meeting of Parliament, soon after the opening of which I repaired to town at the pressing instance of Mr. Pitt, but not till after the second reading of the celebrated India Bill. The history of this measure, of such infinite importance in its consequences, I had, till I received the summons, learnt only from newspapers.”

We have some valuable information respecting the Rockingham administration and the Coalition ministry. Mr. Rose, who passed all his life in the Circumlocution Office, saw much behind the scenes, and much of this information he has noted down, though probably from the certainty of his information, and the matter-of-fact air with which he records his entries in his Diary, his reminiscences are not half so interesting as the more speculative comments of Thomas Raikes.

Mr. Rose gives us the history of the celebrated India Bill. He attributes its introduction to the desire entertained by Fox to make his government “a permanent one.” So strong was the Coalition ministry deemed by our official, that he “thought, from the first formation of the Coalition, that Mr. Pitt was extinguished nearly for life as a politician, and wished to see him at the bar again.”

We must now leave the political portions of the book, and turn to the correspondence respecting the ill-fated Lady Hamilton, throughout which, we are bound to say, Mr. Rose appears to have acted with feeling. Rigid moralist as he was, we think Mr. Harcourt might have followed this charitable example with advantage. He is pleased to inform us, that “the glory of the victory of the Nile was dearly purchased by the loss of honour which flowed indirectly from circumstances connected with it, and which sadly tarnished the lustre of Lord Nelson's name.” About the “loss of honour,” which we sustained as a nation, from our heartless treatment of Emma Hamilton, the editor is silent; nevertheless he prints numerous letters which the unhappy lady addressed to Mr. Secretary Rose, imploring relief, telling him of her destitution, of the efforts she makes to give his daughter a good education—and telling it all to him in vain. True it is that Mr. Rose's replies—at first inflexible and indicative of a high moral tone—gradually relax before the still fascinating woman, and the “Madam” becomes “my dear Madam,” but no substantial aid is given, and we turn from this sad page of the Diaries with feelings of relief. Before doing so, however, we select one letter as a specimen of Lady Hamilton's powers of coaxing:

“LADY HAMILTON TO MR. ROSE.

“Hôtel Dessin, Calais, July 4th.

“We arrived here safe, my dear sir, after three days' sickness at sea, as for precaution we embarked at the Tower. Mr. Smith got me the discharge from Lord Ellenborough.

“I then begged Mr. Smith to withdraw his bail, for I would have died in prison sooner than that good man should have suffered for me; and I managed so well with Horatia alone, that I was at Calais before any new writs could be issued out against me. I feel so much better from change of climate, food, air, large rooms, and liberty, that there is a chance I may live to see my dear Horatia brought up. I am looking out for a lodging. I have an excellent French woman, who is very good at everything; for Horatia and myself, and my old dame, who is coming, will be my establishment. Near me is an English lady, who has resided here for twenty-five years; who has a day school, but not for eating nor sleeping. At eight in the morning I take Horatia; fetch her at one; at three we dine; she goes till five, and then in the evening we walk. She learns everything: piano, harp, languages grammatically. She knows French and Italian well, but she will still improve. Not any girls but those of the first families go there. Last evening we walked two miles to a *fête champêtre pour les bourgeois*. Everybody is pleased with Horatia. The General and his good old wife are very good to us; but our little world of happiness is in ourselves. If, my dear sir, Lord Sidmouth would do something for dear Horatia, so that I can be enabled to give her an education, and also for her dress, it would ease me, and make me very happy. Surely he owes this to Nelson. For God's sake do try for me, for you do not know how limited I am. I have left everything to be sold for the creditors, who do not deserve anything; for I have been the victim of artful, mercenary wretches, and my too great liberality and open heart has been the dupe of villains. To you, sir, I trust, for my dearest Horatia, to exert yourself for her, and that will be an easy passport for me.”

Mr. Rose appears throughout as a violent partisan of Pitt. Whatever Pitt does is right; whoever opposes Pitt is wrong. Addington and his adherents fare very ill at the hands of Rose. Even his daughter—to whose pen we are indebted for the few personal episodes in the work—seems to have shared her father's hatred of the “Doctor.” At one time Mr. Rose was thrown much in Addington's way.

There appeared to be some likelihood of his joining his ranks; whereupon Miss Rose exclaims that there are "strange birds" about her father. These birds of ill-omen to the daughter of the house of Rose tried their arts in vain; for Pitt never had a stouter adherent, from first to last, through evil report and good report, than George Rose. When some London merchants propose to pay Pitt's debts, Rose is in ecstasies, and is lavish with his praises of the city. He is always ready to subscribe liberally to the same object himself, and corresponds indefatigably on the subject with his adviser Bishop Tomline. When Pitt is popular Rose flourishes. When Pitt's measures are discussed in an unfriendly spirit, and seem likely not to pass, then England's days are numbered, according to Rose. Whenever these Diaries are thrilling, be sure the cause of the interest is occasioned by allusions to Pitt. Reader, imagine a sober political and official Boswell, and the Right Hon. George Rose stands before you!

Our space is exhausted, long before we have exhausted our subject. The exigencies of a journal now-a-days are undeniable, and we must salute Mr. Rose and his accomplished editor and close the book. It has carried us back to the age in which Mr. Rose flourished; for, destitute as it is of artistic skill, it is eminently truthful and natural. Herein consists its charm. Samuel Pepys is not more frank than George Rose. Indeed, his delight at entertaining King George III. and his family at his seat at Cuffnells, reminds us of Pepys forcibly. There is the same bustle and flutter; a charming correspondence, relative to the anticipated great event, with his majesty's page; minute particulars relative to the august party. By the way, we learn from Mr. Rose that George III. thought all his children brave save the one who was to succeed him. *He was a coward!* There is much of interest in the portions of the Diary which relate to the Royal visit to Cuffnells. The same may be said of the passages which describe the illness of the king.

Few men, perhaps, kept the even tenour of their way more unbroken than Mr. Rose, and few ways were so little incommoded with "thorns and briars." He was a prosperous man. Viewed in the light of a red-tapist, he may be said to have "done the state some service;" and he had his reward. In early life he had been twitted on having but little ambition. His ambition certainly did not soar high. What he liked were sinecures and quick returns. He did not care to shine, but was intent on being warm himself. Towards the end of his life he secluded himself much. But, business-like to the last, he took an interest in various religious societies, and was much esteemed in his county. We are not favoured with a view of his pleasant Hampshire interior; but we learn incidentally that he was surrounded by all that should accompany old age, and that his death was peaceful, and not untimely.

It merely remains for us to take leave of the editor, and this we shall do in all courtesy; although we might easily find fault, were we so disposed. One thing we feel bound to notice—the absence of all personal interest in Mr. Rose to be derived from his Diaries. Surely this want might have been supplied by a few connecting links judiciously introduced. As the book stands, the entries are frequently insufficient, and sadly want an editorial setting. We never felt the need even of an occasional anecdote so forcibly as we have done while reading Mr. Harcourt's lucubrations. They are mostly very wearisome—bald in the extreme, and when Mr. Harcourt gets on the

topic of Pitt, he is intolerable. Many of his long notes sound like perorations to speeches for the Pitt Club. Nevertheless we must thank him for his valuable contribution to our historical library. In thus chronicling an active and honest public servant, he has thrown a considerable light on the English political life of fifty years ago; and among other services he renders his readers, we may safely add that a perusal of the Rose "Diaries and Correspondence" will assuredly increase their thankfulness for living in a happier and more honourable age.

Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission to China and Japan. By LAURENCE OLIPHANT, Private Secretary to Lord Elgin. In Two Vols. (Wm. Blackwood and Sons.)

[FIRST NOTICE.]

It was natural to expect that a work upon one of the most important missions that has issued from our shores for many a long day, written by a gentleman connected with it in a high official capacity, and who had within his reach means not accessible to ordinary writers, should display many features of interest far above those presented by the average run of works on the same topic. The mere circumstances of a constant and confidential intercourse with the ambassador to whom the mission was entrusted, unrestricted access to official documents, and the opportunity of constantly discussing, with the most intelligent and observant of other nations interested, the whole scope and bearing of the numerous questions which formed the objects of the mission, might lead us reasonably to expect a work evincing a more than ordinary mastery of the subject, and furnishing information, even more to be relied on than that supplied by "own correspondents" and from "confidential sources." That such expectations have not been disappointed in the work before us is hardly a matter for surprise, but were it not for the existence of the very agreeable volume mentioned in the title-page, we might fairly say that we were hardly prepared, when we saw the work announced, for a display of such keen power of observation, combined with so much felicity of description. It is true that the "Narrative" bears internal evidence of being little more than a transcript of the writer's private journal, slightly "touched up" at home, and it strikes us it would have been more ingenuous to have said as much in the preface, instead of venturing on the transparent artifice of speaking of it as having been "thrown into the shape of personal narrative." It has little or no bearing on the intrinsic worth of the book; a diamond is a diamond, whether set in pinchbeck or gold, but we cannot help owning to a pang of regret, when we see a work every way so worthy, maltreated by an endeavour to palm it off upon the public for something which it is not. Having had our growl out, we proceed with real pleasure to notice the contents of the book.

The first volume—to which we propose to confine ourselves in the present notice—begins with the departure of the Mission from England, previously devoting a chapter to a very masterly summary of the circumstances which led to its appointment, includes the halt at Singapore, the voyage to Hong-Kong, the retrograde movement to Calcutta for the support of Lord Canning, the return to China, an episode in the shape of a visit to the Philippines, the bombardment of Canton, the departure northward, visits to Amoy, Shanghai, Soochow, &c., the forcing of the passage of the Peiho, and the treaty of Tientsin. The

whole of the events connected with the history of these proceedings have long since become as familiar to us as our morning meal or our daily omnibus. During the whole time of their occurrence, every paper of note maintained, or professed to maintain, its "special correspondent" at the seat of affairs; every telegram brought us odd disjointed enigmatic intelligence, which subsequent overland mails served rather to embarrass further than to unravel; illustrated papers dosed us *usque ad nauseam* with all sorts of possible and impossible pictures of Chinamen, and Jack tars, and Manila folk, and Japanese, and every sort of human and inhuman being, thing and creature, nearly or remotely connected or unconnected with what was going on; three men out of every five returning to England from that particular region, or, one might say, from within a thousand miles or so of it, fell to incontinently, and came out with a railway book, or a magazine article, or failing that, with at least an ominous looking pamphlet, one "presentation copy" of which was sent to the Oriental Club, lay on the library table there, and was read by no less than seven elderly Orientals, who wanted to kill time; old maps were ferreted out; the histories of Lords Amherst's and Macartney's missions disinterred; and, in short, we were kept pretty well *au fait* with the progress of Lord Elgin's mission, and knew all about it, or, shall we say? thought we did, until we read Mr. Oliphant's book, when we found that, familiar as the circumstances themselves were to us, it was possible for an eye and ear-witness to re-relate them with such additional charms of vivid description, truthful delineation, and collateral anecdote, as to bring them before us as quite new creations; and, moreover, by the introduction of a quite new set of personal anecdotes, and the addition of a number of original comments and deductions, to place many of them before us in a very novel and unexpected light.

Passing over then the mere bald facts, such as the bombardment of Canton, the reduction of the forts on the Peiho, and so forth, we think the really valuable portion of Mr. Oliphant's book may be divided under two heads: his comments on political and administrative affairs, and his descriptions of local scenery, habits, customs, &c.

As regards the first, it is true we must take what he says *cum grano salis*: the peculiarity of his position naturally makes him an ardent admirer of everything Lord Elgin said and did, and we are far from quarrelling with either the one or the other; still, as this admiration involves to some extent a corresponding condemnation of what others have said and done, and as the writer's laudatory arguments in favour of his own chief border occasionally on the fulsome, we may be excused for viewing with the slightest grain of suspicion the reasoning *pro* and *con* which emanates from this particular source. Subject to which preliminary remark, we may safely say that the arguments urged and the facts adduced in support are both temperate and cogent. Mr. Oliphant looks on our previous dealings with the Chinese, whether as enemies, allies, or subjects, as mistakes and little else. He appears to have studied the national character with sufficient care to develop, not what sounds new to any of us, but what, judging from official conduct on numerous occasions, would appear to have been very much overlooked: first, a silent sly treachery as a substitute for courage in all dealings with an enemy, and next, an indomitable spirit of industry and economy in all matters whatever. The deduction he appears to make from our

disregard of these national characteristics is, that the Chinese have conceived neither respect for us as foes nor confidence in us as rulers. The mode in which the treaty of Tientsin was exacted, he seems to consider calculated to inspire both the one and the other of these very desirable feelings; but all these calculations are, of course, for the present thrown into abeyance pending the issue of the expedition now in hand.

The numerous devices employed by the Cantonese for sly firing or blowing up our men-of-war, and the vigour and energy displayed in carrying them out, contrast absurdly with the miserable poltroonery evinced by their troops wherever they came hand to hand with either blue-jacket or marine. In no single open engagement do they ever appear to have offered any resistance worth mentioning, and yet that their confidence in their resources remains ever undiminished, may be gathered from the state of things at Hong Kong during the Canton blockade:

"Never before since the abolition of the old monopoly had Englishmen made so poor a figure in the eyes of the Chinese populace. If one went into a curiosity-shop at Hong-Kong, he was the object of the quiet irony of the sleek vendor of carved ivory behind the counter, who informed him that his choice collection was at Canton, and asked, 'Why you no can come my shop Canton? also same fore tim: my gotchie too muchee olo handser culio that side.' The very urchins in the street considered a Briton a fit subject for 'chaff,' while their respectable parents took a mercenary view of his head. Hong-Kong was neither a safe nor agreeable abode in those days."

Compare with this the comical account of the "storming" of Tientsin. It should be premised that a strong party of marines, and half a dozen blue-jackets, with some officers, had started into one of the suburbs of Tientsin, to investigate an insult which had been offered to some officers; being rather late in the day, the city gate had been shut, and the people within appeared determined not to open it.

"Seeing that the people were determined not to admit us, and that it was hopeless to attempt to force the gate, I accompanied Captains Osborn and Dew in search of an available part of the wall for scaling. Some low houses were built against a crumbling angle at a likely place, and scrambling on to the overhanging eaves, we were soon digging our fingers and toes into the crevices formed by the disintegration of the unburnt brick of which the wall was composed. In a moment more we were joined by three or four blue-jackets with muskets, and, running along the wall, jumped down into the street, and astonished the unsuspecting crowd in the archway, as we took them in rear with a loud yell. They doubtless supposed that the whole British army was at our backs, for they tumbled about in all directions in their haste to escape, assisted by the application of a little judicious pressure upon sundry parts of their persons, as they scampered away. Dew, seizing a hatchet from one of them, instantly cut through the bar of the gate, and in another moment the whole of the marines walked quietly in,—the city having thus been stormed and taken in five minutes, without any more serious wound having been given or received than that which may be inflicted with the toe of a boot."

Yet it is clear that this very slyness, of which numerous instances are given in Mr. Oliphant's narrative, this "strength in weakness," is the real power of the Chinese, and what any one dealing hostilely with them must be careful to count in with his other data of calculation. A generous chivalric mode of warfare is utterly unknown to them, and the anomaly is that the aspect of a high state of civilisation is presented to the stranger at the

same time with a stealthy mode of warfare only known among unreclaimed savages.

A "firm moral pressure" appears to have been Lord Elgin's motto, and to have guided him to success; no doubt it was the actual presence of British and French gun-boats and marines, and the constant use of the threat to bring up the force lying at the mouth of the Peiho—the 50th were actually on their way up the river—which alone brought about the signing and sealing of the Treaty, and the swallowing of the two obnoxious articles. There seems, however, to have entered into Chinese calculations one more element—our treatment of Yeh; at every sharp corner there peeps out a salutary recollection of the measure of justice dealt out to that miscreant, an unfeigned astonishment at both our audacity in seizing him, and our clemency in not strangling him, and a nervous apprehension of a similar lot; and this to such an extent, that when Lord Elgin's escort of some hundred and fifty "jollies," headed by the band of the "Calcutta," marched into the court-yard of the Temple of "Oceanic influences," where the conference was to take place, the Chinese commissioners appeared unfeignedly alarmed, and "might be excused if a momentary suspicion flashed across their minds that the fate of Yeh might be in reserve for them."

How far the employment of this "firm moral pressure" may or may not be justifiable, must of course depend upon the circumstances of each case. Lord Elgin asked and obtained more than has ever been conceded to any other nation, and what we firmly believe will conduce more than anything which had before taken place, to bring the Chinese into the great family; and we are writing with a full consciousness of the subsequent lamentable events in the Peiho; but these are political rather than literary considerations, and we will only add that we can conceive cases in which the exercise of this engine might be anything but right. We recollect a similar mode of argument employed by a certain beggar on *Gil Blas*. One deduction, however, is inevitable—conciliation, the policy of former missions appears to be a failure, and it is a significant fact that both Lords Amherst and Macartney ascending the same river, not as Lord Elgin, in a British gun-boat, but in Chinese junks, sailed—unconsciously no doubt—under a flag which announced them as "tribute bearers."

But it is in our dealings with Chinamen as subjects that Mr. Oliphant seems to think our great mistakes have been made. The best illustration of this which we can adduce is contained in his comments on the comparative condition of the Chinese population at Singapore and Manila:

"At present there is a population of 70,000 Chinamen in Singapore, and not a single European who understands their language. The consequence is, that, in the absence of any competent interpreter, they are generally ignorant of the designs of Government, and, regarding themselves still as Chinese subjects, are apt to place themselves in an antagonistic attitude whenever laws are passed affecting their peculiar customs. No effort is made to overcome a certain exclusiveness arising hence; and this is fostered by the secret societies, which exercise an important moral influence upon the minds of all, but more particularly the ignorant portion of the population."

"Manilla, like Singapore, owes a great part of its prosperity to the Chinese portion of the population; and, in our management of this race in our own possessions, it might not be unprofitable to investigate the expediency of some of those measures which other nations, inferior to us in the

art of colonisation as a rule, have found it necessary to employ."

"This taxation is manifestly excessive, and no good object could be obtained by drawing any distinction in our own possessions between the Chinese and the British subject; but the election of a captain by themselves, whose office it is to collect the tribute, and arrange all internal differences, and who is to a certain extent responsible for the good conduct of his countrymen, is an excellent arrangement."

"It would be a wise policy in us to encourage, to a greater extent than we do, Chinese emigration to other settlements besides those to which they have already found their way. Not only should we be able to retain Labuan, as a colony from which we could exercise an important influence over Borneo, teeming with valuable productions, but we could make the little island itself profitable by the introduction of Chinese labour for the development of its mineral resources. It is not, however, merely in the settlements of the Malay archipelago to which Chinese emigration might be directed and encouraged by Government with great advantage, but to many tropical colonies in other parts of the world, such as British Guiana, where there is an enormous capacity of production, coupled with an utter inadequacy of means."

We are glad to see our suspicions of the introduction of a good deal of "brag" into their despatches by our brave allies amusingly confirmed by one or two anecdotes well worth noting; take one instance at Canton. Our own men had been occupied all one day and half a night in constructing a landing-stage across the mud for the troops and artillery; on the following morning the French troops, being in ships' boats, arrived at the shore first, and prevailed on the civility of the officer in charge of the stage to allow them to make use of it; thereupon, without one word of acknowledgment, the despatches claim for the French the honour of being the first to "effect a landing."

Turning now to the most felicitous part of the book, we have already delivered our opinion of Mr. Oliphant's powers of description, and we cannot better prove to our readers the truth of our commendations than by closing our present notice with a few extracts which will enable them to judge for themselves.

The arrival of Lord Elgin's frigate at Calcutta, when he resolved on repairing thither to strengthen Lord Canning's hands, is thus sketched:

"As we swept past Garden Reach, on the afternoon of the 8th August, the excitement on board was increased by early indications of the satisfaction with which our appearance was hailed on shore. First our stately ship suddenly burst upon the astonished gaze of two European gentlemen taking their evening walk, who, seeing her crowded with the eager faces of men ready for the fray, took off their hats and cheered wildly; then the respectable skipper of a merchantman worked himself into a state of frenzy, and made us a long speech, which we could not hear, but the violence of his gesticulations left us in little doubt as to its import; then his crew took up the cheer, which was passed on at intervals until the thunder of our 68-pounders drowned every other sound; shattered the windows of sundry of the "Palaces;" attracted a crowd of spectators to the Maidan, and brought the contents of Fort William on to the glacis."

"As soon as the smoke cleared away, the soldiers of the garrison collected there sent up a series of hearty cheers; a moment more and our men were clustered like ants upon the rigging, and, in the energy which they threw into their ringing response, they pledged themselves to the achievement of those deeds of valour which have since covered the Naval Brigade with glory."

The description of the Grand Canal is very happy:

"We followed the grand canal for about two miles. As far as I could judge, its average breadth was about 100 yards, but it is somewhat difficult to form a very accurate estimate on this subject, as the water is so concealed by boats, and the residences of the aquatic and terrestrial population so much resemble one another, that it is not always easy to tell where the water ends and the land begins. A narrow lane was kept clear for traffic, and along it passed innumerable craft of every description. There were as many different varieties of boats here as there are of vehicles in Fleet Street, and the water-way was as inconveniently crowded as that celebrated thoroughfare usually is. Ferry-boats plied as briskly and were as heavily loaded as omnibusses; heavy cargo-boats lumbered along and got in everybody's way, just as brewers' drays do. Light tanka-boats, with one or two passengers, and deftly worked by a single oar astern, cut in and out like Hansoms. And there were large passage-boats, with accommodation for travellers on long journeys, that plied regularly between Soo-chow, Hang-chow, Chang-chow, and other distant cities, and that created the same sort of sensation as they passed as did the Brighton Age or Portsmouth Telegraph in days gone by. Gentlemen's private carriages were here represented by gorgeous mandarin-junks, with the huge umbrella on the top, and a gong at the entrance to the cabin, beaten at intervals by callous flunkies. Other junks there were, more gaudily painted even than these, from whence issued shrill voices and sounds of noisy laughter and music. There was the costermonger in his humble substitute for a donkey-cart, a small covered canoe, which looked like a coffin, and in which he sat alone, forcing it speedily through the water with a pair of oars, one of which he worked astern with his hand, the other at the side with his feet. The race of scavengers lived in flat punts, and scooping up the mud and rubbish from the bottom of the canal, discharged it into them, where it was immediately examined by a number of ducks kept on board for the purpose, who picked out all that was worth eating, and what they rejected was then inspected by their owners for waifs and strays that had been lost from junks, and then taken to fatten the land. But, the most curious appearance was presented by the boats which carried the fishing cormorants, solemnly perched in successive rows on stages projecting from the sides; they looked like a number of gentlemen in black on the platform at a meeting of a grave and serious character."

We wish we had space for the whole description of the attack on the Peiho forts, but failing that, we extract the commencement and end:

"The signal flag had hardly reached the truck of the Slaney when the Cormorant darted off like an arrow: as her men were all lying flat on the deck, not a soul but her commander and two or three officers was to be seen on board. A moment had scarcely elapsed before Captain Saumarez had reason to congratulate himself on the wisdom of his precaution—puff, and a cloud of smoke like that of an exploded mine was followed by the whistle of a round-shot, then another, and another, till all three forts had opened on her in full chorus. But the Cormorant disdained reply; suddenly there was a shock, a tremor, and a start ahead—she had burst the barrier, composed of five seven-inch bamboo cables, buoyed across the river. In a moment more she was in position, and giving the batteries on the southern bank one gun by way of a recognition of the compliment they had paid her; she concentrated her tremendous fire on the northern forts, which were completely silenced in about eighteen minutes, at the expiry of which term the Fusée and Mitraille came up, too late, however, to participate in the bombardment."

"As the storming parties landed within 300 yards of us, we could, from our elevated position,

inspect their proceedings with great minuteness. The attention of the fort being concentrated upon the gunboats in front of them, the garrison seemed unconscious of the fact that some hundreds of 'barbarians' were landing just above them. Not knowing that our practice was to take batteries by assault, they were evidently taken completely by surprise; and as but a few yards of mud were to be traversed at that time of tide, the men were in the embrasures at once. In the late unfortunate attack, the distance of mud to be crossed was much greater, and the garrison doubtless fully expected that we should land and storm as we had done before, and were prepared accordingly. We saw the leading blue-jacket jump into the battery; an instantaneous panic spread itself like lightning along the line of batteries at our feet; and in the *saute qui peut* which followed, some amusing scenes occurred, as Jack, at the top of his speed, dodged and chased the terrified soldiers, who, with outstretched arms and nimble legs, scattered in every direction. Here and there one more courageous than his fellows would attempt to make a stand, or apparently disbelieve the report of a flying Tartar, who pointed to the rear and sped on with redoubled speed; but no sooner did the flash of the cutlass glance before his eye, than the bravest of them lost heart, and in ten minutes the whole garrison, together with the body in reserve, were scattered far and wide over the plain. Those who had a good start could afford to save their dignity, and walk composedly away; but the stragglers in rear fled as though demons were on their track, and for the most part fairly outran our gallant tars, whose wind was soon expended, and who were obliged at last to content themselves with stray shots at their light-heeled foe. After a race of this description, their aim was somewhat wild, and I saw a marine aim with great deliberation at a man whom he had almost succeeded in running down, at a distance of about five yards, and miss him."

Here is the sacred island of Pootoo:

"A broad paved causeway led us over the low shoulder of a hill into a lovely valley, where a pile of grey pagodas and temples, with up-turned roofs of imperial yellow and walls of vermillion, were embosomed in foliage of the brightest green, and huge impending masses of rugged granite lay scattered upon the steep hill-side above, as though they had been glued upon it by some giant hand. A quaint gateway, covered with inscriptions, opened upon a maze of courtyards and a collection of sacred buildings, some especially erected to protect slabs of extreme antiquity inscribed with holy sentiments, others containing enormous bells, struck with a hammer swinging beside them instead of a clapper; others, and these were the largest and most numerous, filled with monster images of both sexes and all sizes, from the giant figure of Kwang-yin, the goddess of mercy, to whom the whole was dedicated, to a row of little gods three inches high. In the courtyards were sacred bronzes containing sacred fire, and overshadowed by sacred trees; and there was a sacred pond, full of sacred fishes, covered with the sacred lotus, and spanned by a single-arched bridge."

"Everywhere groups of filthy Bonzes were collected, basking half-naked in the sun, and inspecting their own tattered habiliments or those of their neighbours, chanting monotonous prayers, or wandering about telling their beads, crowding round me while I was sketching them, and staring vacantly through their bleary eyes upon the strangers."

And here the view from the highest point of the island:

"On our way up the long flight of steps by which we reached a point 1200 feet above the sea-level, we passed numerous shrines where priests begged and pilgrims rested. In niches cut out of the bank, devoted men passed their days in solitude, perpetually repeating the formula to which the whole island rings. Every building is covered with this one inscription, and every shaven inhabitant passes the greater part of each day in

numbling incessantly the pious invocation. All other ideas seem merged into this one, which is embodied in a continuous sing-song chant of 'Omoto Fuh, Omoto Buddha.' Men sit tapping little wooden bells, saying 'Omoto Fuh' throughout the livelong day; and their particular haunt seemed to be the steps up the mountain. At last we passed them all, and standing on its highest peak, looked over the island-studded sea, with placid bays enclosed between long rocky promontories, and hamlets nestling in the woods on distant islands, and broad acres of cultivation extending far up the hill-sides, while our own little isle was carpeted with fields of flowering rape of the brightest yellow, dotted with groves and temples, intersected with broad stone causeways worn by the incessant tramp, for centuries past, of priest and pilgrim, and bearing marks of a venerable old age in its ruined shrines, gnarled old trees, hoary moss-grown rocks, and equally hoary occupants."

We cannot help, in conclusion, intreating the attention of our *collitterateurs* to the following curious description of a Chinese brother:

"Old Chang was one of those not very old men who have probably been known as 'old Chang' all their lives. He was a not unfavourable specimen of the literary class of China,—a good scholar, an efficient spy in behalf of his own Government, a gentleman in his manners, a great humbug, and a confirmed opium-smoker."

A Dictionary of English Etymology. By Hensleigh Wedgwood, M.A. Vol. I. (A—D.) London: 1859.

THIS is the first volume of a work which promises, we think, to be one of solid value and real importance. A Dictionary of English Etymology is a thing which has long been wanted. It is indeed more than a hundred and fifty years since anything of the kind was attempted in England on any considerable scale. Mr. Wedgwood's two principal predecessors, Skinner and Junius, both died before the end of the seventeenth century. To those who know how large a portion of modern philology is the creation of the last hundred years, to say this is to say enough. Both were eminent antiquaries: but even in the days of Johnson they were not thought perfectly satisfactory guides. The great lexicographer found Skinner deficient in knowledge, Junius in judgment,—apologising to the admirers of the latter, by saying that, "whatever reverence is due to his diligence or his attainments, it can be no criminal degree of censoriousness to charge that etymologist with want of judgement, who can seriously derive *dream* from *drama*, because *life is a drama* and *a drama is a dream*; and who declares with a tone of defiance, that no man can fail to derive *moan* from *μῶνος*, *single* or *solitary*, who considers that grief naturally loves to be *alone*." But it is one thing to perceive that a book is antiquated, and another to supersede it. In later times, as Mr. Wedgwood remarks, etymological lexicography has been mostly treated as a branch of general lexicography, and so has not been cultivated in an independent spirit. The writer of a dictionary cannot be strong in every department of his work: if he excels in explanation, his etymologies will probably be those of his predecessors, modified and corrected by the current views of his time. Nor is the gap filled up by professed writers on philology. They give us the principles of language, and such details as illustrate those principles; but they do not give us an etymological vocabulary, to which we can refer when we want to know the origin of a particular word. Such a vocabulary must be the fruit of special study,

like that which Mr. Wedgwood has bestowed on the work before us.

We scarcely know whether it is an advantage or disadvantage to Mr. Wedgwood's labours that he should have started with a theory. An etymologist who should explain word after word on independent grounds without reference to any leading principle, would be justly considered unsatisfactory and shallow; but on the other hand, there can be no doubt that a theory is liable to become a snare, and that a writer who has no theory to establish will often preserve a large amount of information which the supporter of a theory would not think worth communicating to his readers. Mr. Wedgwood's theory, however, is very interesting, and the introduction in which it is enforced must command respect for its striking and obvious ability. Complaining of those etymologists who think they have accounted for a word satisfactorily when they have succeeded in referring it to a Sanscrit root, he proposes to himself a deeper inquiry, into the origin of roots themselves, which, as he observes, are generally agreed to be not independent existences, but either grammatical fictions indicating groups of related words having cognate meanings, or remains of some previous condition of language,—in either case, not ultimate facts. His own belief is, that the principle of Onomatopoeia, the imitation or representation of an object by a characteristic sound, will be found to furnish the solution required. So far from *fizz, whack, bump, bang*, being "makeshifts of modern invention, not entitled to take place in sustained composition with elements which appear to derive their significance from the mysterious source of universal speech," he regards them as primitive formations, specimens of what all language once was. Accordingly he traces at considerable length the operation of the principle in cases which, at first sight, seem to have nothing to do with sound. Quoting Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary, he shows, from a passage in Hardyng, that an *ugly* or *houghly* sight is one which makes the beholder *hough*, or cry *ugh*—an explanation which also accounts for the word *huge*. *Fiend, foe, feud*, are referred to the Icelandic *fiá*, Gothic *fijan*, to hate, i. e. to cry *faugh* or *fie*. The Greek *γλῆρις* and the Latin *dulcis*, are shown to express the sound of licking the lips, and so to be parallel to the onomatopoeic *snack*. To *huff* means in the first instance to blow, and so to snort or sniff. *Pride* and *proud* come from the contemptuous expression *prut*, as is shown by a passage in the *Manuel des Pechés*, which, treating of pride, deals first with the man who is "unbuxom," to his spiritual father, "and seyth, 'Prut! for thy cursyng, prest.'" These instances may, perhaps, show our readers that the theory has more to say for itself, than at the first blush may seem likely. Mr. Wedgwood does not profess to be able to apply it to all the words contained in his volume; but he has no doubt of its truth, and considers those cases which are not resolvable by it, as cases where we are for the present compelled to stop short of the true solution.

From the nature of the case, we are compelled to speak briefly of the Dictionary itself. It is a book of 500 pages, extending, as we have said, from A to D: and the author hopes that he may be able to complete it in two more volumes, as, for many reasons, the progress is likely to be more rapid as the work advances. Of course it is not to be expected that it should compete in the number of its words with the ordinary explanatory dictionaries, were it only from the omission of derivatives, and, as a general rule, of words

from the classical languages: but the subjoined list of words in *ab* will show that the selection Mr. Wedgwood has made is no sparing one. We have *abapt, abandon, abash, abate, abbot, &c., abele, abet, abeyance, abide, abie, able, aboard, abolish, abominable, above, about, abraid and abray, abridge, abraach, abroad, abscess, absorb, abstemious, abstract, abut*. One curious fact to which Mr. Wedgwood draws attention is the occasional coalescing of words or classes of words which really spring from different sources. Thus the verb to allow represents two Latin words, *allaudare* and *allocare*. It is not merely that *allaudare* stands for one set of meanings, *allocare* for the other: *laudare* and *laus* were actually used in mediæval Latin of making grants, while *allocare* in its turn came to be used of admitting an excuse. Perhaps Mr. Wedgwood might have applied this explanation more widely than he has done. *Annoy*, according to him, is to be referred to *est mihi in odio—a te in odio* in the Old Venetian dialect being equivalent to *a tua noja* in Italian. It is difficult not to think that we have here *noxa* as well as *odium*. The construction of *enmiser* in Old French with the dative noticed by Mr. Wedgwood, answers to *nocere*, and the form resembles *nuire, nuisance*, which are confessedly from that source.

In referring to the classical languages, Mr. Wedgwood occasionally makes a slip. *Antiphona*, which he gives under *anthem*, is apparently a mistake for *ἀντίφωνα*. *A manu servus*, the Latin for a secretary, is not to be explained from the form of signature, "from the hand of so and so," as appears from the parallel expressions *a poculis*, a cup-bearer, *a rationibus*, an accountant. Generally, too, he is not sufficiently explicit in giving chapter and verse for his quotations. He is not to be blamed for taking them from others; but he should have made them his own by verification wherever it was possible. But though these few drawbacks might perhaps be increased, they do not detract from the real and substantial value of the volume.

Julian Home: a Tale of College Life. By Frederick W. FARRAR, M.A. (Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.)

MANY works, which are not exactly imitations, would yet never have been written but for something that went before. Thus "Julian Home," like "Eric," would not have seen the light, had not Tom Brown, Kingsley, and Muscular Christianity first shown the way and broken down the door. Julian Home is a continuation of Tom Brown disguised under another name: not that Julian himself, fair, pale, and womanish, is anything like our blithe, brave, manful, old Tom; but that the book is so identical in spiritual origin, and based so entirely on the same code of faith and morals, that it is easy to see that Mr. Farrar would not have written it at all, had not Mr. Hughes first struck out the idea. There must needs be a certain sameness in all the works emanating from a school—for the very fact of a school necessitates likeness; witness the schools of painting, where to this day it is a disputed point, whether certain pictures were painted by master or pupil, so thoroughly was all individuality merged in universal likeness. But "Julian Home," though essentially one of a class, is a notable book for its own merits, and written as it is with a certain quiet power, though not with manliness, would have been sure of respectful attention, even though it had not been on the side of popular principles that had already made themselves notorious and admired. It is a story of College Life, detail-

ing the temptations to which various youths were exposed; the peculiar mental dangers of their characters and position; and what were the besetting sins and weaknesses which baited the traps into which they fell so easily. For they find the *descensus Averni* singularly facile, do these prize youths, and even the best boys of the book commit some follies and a few ignoble actions which would have shamed the unregenerate; while the bad lot do worse things than ever anxious mothers or tender sisters believe are possible, even to that vague mystery of sin, "a wild young man."

There are two points in which we dissent from Mr. Farrar's philosophy of life; the one is, his excessive horror at the passions and frailties of young men; his regarding them as so many ineffaceable stains from which no after purgation can cleanse the soul; and the other is, his belief in the value of incessant introspection. It is not natural to young minds to be so subjective as he makes his various heroes, neither is it desirable; and it is not sound philosophy to regard youthful excesses as sins of the first magnitude, and to hold the scars and scores of early passions in equal abhorrence with the festering sores of hopeless corruption. There was an old saying about sowing wild oats, which we used to hear when we were young, and while youth was less self-conscious, less nervous, and more healthfully animalistic than it is now; and that old saying had some good stuff of common sense in it. In rich ground weeds grow apace: in the poorer there are fewer docks and nettles, but the fruit is not so large and sweet, nor are the flowers of such transcendent beauty:—and so with human nature, before the discipline of mature manhood has broken up the ground or rooted out the weeds.

Mr. Farrar has not attempted to write an artistic book; nor is there any plot, or conduct of a story, worth recording. He deals only with characters, and events are subordinate. To be sure there is an attempt at melo-drama in a Swiss chalet, and there are two love affairs and a disappointment; but the love affairs are too ethereal for positive life, and therefore interest the reader but tamely: while the heroines are far too vague and shadowy for flesh and blood women, to whom good sound wheaten bread, and roast beef with the gravy in, must have been matters of ordinary consumption. They are mere *simulacra* of women, not so much alive as one of Fra Angelico's Madonnas; rose-leaf and new-milk kind of beings, with gristly vertebrae and flaccid muscles beneath a diaphanous skin; with golden hair that does for halo or nimbus; with blue eyes that suggest heaven and ethereality, and rosy lips that could not for the life of them look hard or hungry; all love and grace, and tenderness, and moonlight-coloured vapour; but, we would say, utterly unable to make a pudding or cast up the weekly accounts; in fact, utterly incapable of any real or practical work in the world. Such women, the delight of young hearts, and the disbelief of hard heads, are ground out like so much diamond dust from the inexhaustible mine of romance. They are a race peculiar to novels; as peculiar as *peris* to the Arabian Nights, or the water women to German legend; never having been seen in real life; and, by the grace and favour of mothers with capable hands and square heads, we hope they never will be seen. They are a race for whom we have a decided aversion, whose very beauty we find more irritating than even the ostentatious ugliness of the Jane Eyre school. We put it to our readers—Are these living women, to whom cotton gowns and double-soled boots are possibilities,—or rather

are they not simply traditions, such as are met with in books only?

"They had just time to fulfil her wish when the carriages drove up, and the bridal procession formed, and, followed by their bride's-maids, Violet and Eva passed up the aisle, in all their loveliness, with wreaths of myrtle and orange-flower round their fair foreheads, and long, graceful veils, and simple ornaments of pearl.

"Beautiful to see! A bride always looks beautiful, but these two were radiant and exquisite in their loveliness. Which was the fairest? I cannot tell. Most men would have given the golden apple to Eva, with the sweet, tender grace that played about her young features, almost infantile in their delicacy, and with those bright, beaming, laughter-loving eyes, of which the light could not be hid though she bent her face downwards to hide the bridal blush that tinged it; but yet they would have doubted about the decision when they turned from her to the full flower of Violet's beauty, and gazed on her perfect face, so enchanting in its meekness, and on that one tress of golden hair that played upon her neck."

The young men are more individual. They are portraits, and whether well or ill rendered, have a glow about them which at once stamps them as not merely traditional, like the women. They have all a Pre-Raphaelite Sir Galahad kind of air; and they are, as we have said before, self-conscious overmuch, and dangerously introspective; but they are full of quiet touches of beauty, and not without muscles to their arms; which last fact helps the reader on amazingly. The scene of the boat-race, and the row with the barge, is spiritedly done, though not equal to Tom Brown's foot-ball scene. The portrait, too, of Brogten, though disagreeable enough, is telling:

"But although he desisted from this kind of malice, it was not long before Brogten was generally shunned by his former schoolfellows. He developed into such a thorough blackguard that, had it not been for his merits as an oarsman and a cricketer, even the countenance of Bruce and Lord Fitzurse would have been insufficient to prevent him from being deserted by all the undergraduates of St. Werner's, except that small and wretched class who take refuge from vacuity in the society of cads, dog-fanciers, and grooms.

"Yet Brogten's Harton education, idle as he had been, sufficed to make him see that he was sinking lower and lower, not only in the world's estimation, but in his own. Unable to make the mental effort which the least approach to study would have required, he suffered his few intellectual faculties to grow more and more gross and stolid, and spent his mornings in smoking, drinking beer, or lounging in the rooms of some one as idle and discontented as himself. It was sad to see the change which even in his first term came over his face; it was not the change from boyhood to youth which gave a manlier beauty to the almost feminine delicacy of Julian's features, but it was a look in which effrontery supplanted the place of self-dependence, and coarseness was the substitute for strength. Beer in the morning, and brandy in the evening, cards, and low company, and vice, made him sink into a degradation from which he was only redeemed by the still lingering ambition to excel in athletic sports, and by the manly exercises which rescued him for a time from such dissipation as would have incapacitated him from shining in the boat or in the field."

This Brogten, who is painted much blacker than need be, screwed up Julian's door in examination time, when he had made almost sure of the "Clerkland Scholarship," and would have gained it but for the lost day which Brogten's malice caused him. This was Julian's trial, and he succumbed to it, in a manner scarcely worthy his spiritual pretensions. After getting into a "fit of blind,

passionate, uncontrollable, frenzy," after beating the door with his knuckles till they were raw and bleeding, he sank swearing and exhausted on the sofa; and when his friends, anxious at his absence from the senate-house, came for him and unscrewed him, he was so done up by wrath and exhaustion, that he failed in his papers, passed for drunk or disordered, and so lost the scholarship as much by his own bad work as by the waste of time in hammering at his screwed-up door. Brogten, who only meant to annoy him, and did not anticipate so mischievous a result, went afterwards to call on him and apologise; but Julian, with his head full of Christian maxims of forgiveness and the like, horsewhips him without a hearing, and, as a climax to all his late unbridledness, gets hopelessly drunk. This last misdemeanour restores him to himself; and he sins no more. Julian is pure and good, but Julian is weak; clever, but a trifle insipid; very conscientious, but not a little mushy. But then it is a sorrowful fact that, somehow, your very good and well-behaved youths are generally mushy, and that one yearns for a little commonplace manliness, even if a trifle coarse in the texture, and soiled at the edges, to take off the effect of all that moral snow and spiritual wax, which cannot stand either wear or fire. But Mr. Farrar would say that these were the sentiments of our unregenerate man.

Kennedy, not so advanced in spiritual graces as Julian, is a more manly fellow somehow, but Kennedy is by no means impeccable, and does what even Brogten would have scorned to do. When his trial came, it found him wanting, lamentably and strangely so. By chance, before the May examination, he finds in the master's room a sheet with the questions in "Æschylus," which were to form part of the examination papers. Kennedy, like Julian, is the very soul of honour, the pattern of a Christian young man, another Sir Galahad, with the down on his upper lip a trifle thicker perhaps, and the girth of waist an inch or so wider,—indeed, quite a model youth, given to introspection and muscular Christianity, as befittheth. Consequent on this great morality, his first impulse was to shut the book and put aside the paper; a less heroic individual would have done the same; his second and final impulse was to read the questions again and again, till he had learnt them thoroughly—which many a downright scamp would not have done; and then wilfully and deliberately he sets himself to read up "Æschylus" to these points, and so gains his place by a fraud. But he had been seen. Brogten, who with all his blackguardism, gives promise of a more rational manhood than any of our young Galahads,—Brogten, the evil genius of everybody, has been, Mephistopheles-like, at his back, and has seen him read the paper. Henceforth he holds him in his power; which he uses by forcing Kennedy to acknowledge him, and even to appear to take him as a friend; and Kennedy thereupon loses caste among the Julian set, gets snubbed and suspected by the Dons, and goes trailing through his college world with a tainted character. He learns to gamble too, and in order to get money to pay his gaming debts, tells his father a lie, and so swindles him out of an extra allowance. Then he drinks, and leads such a bad life in every respect, that Julian breaks off Violet's engagement with him (Violet is Julian's sister): the father, who discovers much of the truth, and learns all about the swindle, is very angry; and poor Kennedy, as the most muscular bit of Christianity of which he is just then capable, attempts to commit suicide, but only shatters his hand instead. And then everybody is very

sorry and very forgiving: Kennedy is repentant; Violet constant to her lover through all her obedience to her brother's wishes; and the trial of faith ends with tears and kisses all round, the perfect reformation of the young collegiate criminal, whose conduct certainly has been unworthy and scampish "to the *n*," his marriage with Violet, and an appointment to the Indian civil service.

Lord de Vayne is another of the same set. But Lord de Vayne is irreproachable. He is faultless and uninteresting in the extreme. Of him it is unnecessary to speak, he being only Julian Home, still more etherealised and woman-like; a shadowy angelic being, beside whom the very female seraphs of the book seem well fed and full-grown. He must pass as a summer cloud full of sunlight and rainbow colours, but impalpable and without individuality. Then there is a certain Bruce: a man of quite a different stamp; bold, shallow, and showy, handsome and heartless, selfish and dissipated, who is a little hardly dealt with by Mr. Farrar. We cannot believe him quite so bad as he is made to appear, and we trust to the regenerating force of the toil and adversity to which he is doomed in the Australian wilds. There is many a "Bruce" among the rough gold-diggers; but they are not without their savour of manliness and strength, and none of them without a saving grace of some kind. This is Bruce at "Harton,"—for Mr. Farrar lacquers his names with a very thin disguise:

"Bruce was leading the cheers; he seemed to know everybody and everybody to know him, and as group after group passed him, he was bowing and smiling repeatedly while he listened to the congratulations which were lavished upon him from all sides. Among the last his own family came out, and when he gave his arm to his mother and descended the school-steps, one of the other monitors suddenly cried—

"Three cheers for the Head of the school."

"The boys cordially echoed the cheers, and taking off his hat, Bruce stood still with a flush of exultation on his handsome face, in an attitude peculiar to him whenever he was undergoing an ovation.

"Pose plastique; King Bruce snuffing up the incense of flattery!" muttered a school Thersites, standing by.

"Green-minded scoundrel," was the reply; 'that's because he beats you to fits in the Latin verse."

And this is Bruce at Camford,—

"The two presented much the same contrast as was also visible between Julian and Bruce. While Julian and Lillystone had mutually influenced each other for good, while they had been growing up together in warm and honourable friendship, thinking whatsoever things are pure and true and of good report, the other two had only fostered each other's vanity, and rather encouraged than checked each other's failings. At school they were always exchanging the grossest flattery, and the lessons and tendencies which each had derived from the other's society were lessons of weakness and sin alone. And now Bruce was looked on at St. Werner's as a vain, empty fellow, living on a reputation for cleverness which he had never justified,—low, dressy, and extravagant, despised by the reading men (whose society he affected to avoid) for his weakness and want of resolution; by the real athletes for his deficiency in strength and pluck; and by the aristocrats (whose rooms he most frequented) for the ill-concealed obscurity of his father's origin, and the ill-understood source of his wealth. Since he first astonished the men of his year by the brilliancy of his entertainments and the gorgeousness of his rooms, he had steadily declined in general estimation among all whose regard was most really valuable, and he would

have found few among his immense acquaintance who cared as much for him as they did for his *recherché* wines."

Bruce gets expelled for making Lord de Vayne mad with laudanum. He could not make him drunk as he did Hazlet; lank-haired, whining, snuffing Hazlet, who asks young men about their souls, and talks conventicle cant by the hour. Foiled by Lord de Vayne's seraphic nature, he attempts by stratagem what he could not accomplish openly; and his experiment nearly costs my lord his life, and does cost him his own expulsion. He then finds out that his father is only a ruined swindler and forger; and so the avalanche of adversity descends on his handsome head with double force. He and Hazlet and Brogten are the "bad boys" of the book; but even they talk and act with an amount of self-consciousness which we believe to be simply impossible to the class of youths to which they belong. Take from youth its instinctiveness, whether for good or ill, and you take from it its one main distinguishing characteristic. Mr. Farrar ought to know the class of which he writes; but he has not studied them fairly. Bringing to his task preconceived theories, he has coloured all he has done with his own views, and has not so much written from nature as from the schoolman's idea of what nature should be and must be—given the outward conditions. But the book is a good book, and a remarkable book, interesting, and written with much talent. We have dealt with it fairly, esteeming it too much not to speak of its faults manfully and directly.

Fears for the Future of the Republic. By Daniel Dougherty, Esq. (Philadelphia: Ringwalt & Co.)

MANY English, French, and German observers have returned from America with lamentable accounts of the wide-spread corruption of the public life of the States, but a more full and withering denunciation of those evils has never been written than by the author of the lecture delivered before the Literary Societies of the Lafayette College under the above title. Mr. Dougherty complains bitterly of the apathy of the bulk of the people. "The multitude," he says, "give no proper attention to their political duties," and the consequence is that the "vast machinery of the republic in all its departments, divisions, and subdivisions, national, state, county, and municipal is for the most part left to the control of bands of men who make politics a trade—men who laugh at integrity, are insensible to patriotism, are regardless of intellect, who hate the man who tells the truth and will not cringe to them, and love the one who lowest bends yet cheats them in the end." He describes the municipalities as "crowded with plunderers," the public offices as "canvassed for in haunts of vice," the "ballot-box corrupted," legislators, some of whom "are unable to read much less frame a statute," and "the moral tone of the Senate departing." The lecture in which these passages occur was printed by request of the Committee of the Washington Literary Society at Lafayette College, and unfortunately we have too many proofs of the correctness of its delineations. American newspapers abound in stories of triumphant ruffianism, the recent trial of Captain Brown was a hideous desecration of justice, and we ourselves narrowly escaped from war through the misconduct of a brute placed in high office, when the only elevation he would ever have obtained in a justly governed country, would have been suspension from the gallows for murdering a

slave. Some shallow observers will ascribe these defects to the fact of the constitution of the States being republican, entirely forgetful of the scandalous scenes that have occurred in old monarchies when society has been corrupt. No doubt there are now special faults in American institutions which help to produce such evils, and foremost among them is the absurd practice of changing the body of officials at each Presidential election, and thus keeping up a constant scramble for place and pelf. Another cause is connected with the emigration from Europe, which, with certain valuable elements, pours into the States such a flood of villany and rascality, that it is not long since the governor of Massachusetts declared, in an official address, that the jails, lunatic asylums, and workhouses, were chiefly kept up for the benefit of the emigration.

It is also well known that nine-tenths of the irritation excited against England is got up by low Irishmen, who are as great a nuisance to Brother Jonathan as they were to John Bull. But after all reservations, it must be admitted that republican institutions and great facilities for employment offer the baser elements of society an opportunity of displaying their characteristics with a perfection scarcely known in the old world, and the practical question which America has to solve, is to persuade its intelligent and honest citizens to exert themselves sufficiently to obtain a predominance of power. In England we suffer from analogous evils, although far smaller in degree. Pot-house politicians of the lowest stamp known amongst us, arrange parochial affairs in thousands of localities, while scores of municipal corporations are in no better hands, and Parliamentary elections are saturnalia of bribery and corruption of all kinds. Our intelligent classes stand more and more aloof from all these contests, but they do more to influence public opinion than their congeners in America; and it is a great advantage to us that Parliament sits in a real capital, and not a sham one like Washington, in which no one wants to live for any other than an official purpose. We have no doubt the good people of America are very good, or they would long ago have been swallowed up by the "rowdy" element, and it is hopeful to find men speaking as truthfully and as fearlessly as Mr. Dougherty has done.

The future of the States is obscured by dark clouds, and no one who watches the conduct of the slavery party, and that is acquainted with the prevalence of corruption, can doubt that a severe crisis is at hand. We are among those who wish the Americans well through it, as we have no desire to see a break-down of the Republican experiment in the country best fitted to give it a fair trial.

The Career, Last Voyage, and Fate of Captain Sir John Franklin. By Captain Sherard Osborn, C.B. (Bradbury and Evans.)

No subject has of late years been surrounded with so much melancholy interest as the fate of Sir John Franklin. Far away in the lone desolate regions of eternal ice and snow,—for many long years his countrymen were entirely ignorant as to what had become of him. Was the Arctic explorer and his heroic companions, who, in the cause of progress and civilisation, had gone forth to battle with the elements, to suffer cold, hunger, and disease—dead? Or were they, after being obliged to abandon their vessels, still wandering in these barren and dreary lands, trusting to their countrymen to come to their rescue? This was the question

which troubled us all at home. To allay these perplexing doubts, to dissipate these vague fears, one after another, expeditions were despatched in search of our lost countrymen, and again and again they returned home without any intelligence. Not a spar, not a piece of iron, not a tin case, not a letter; in short not the slightest trace could be found of the lost "Erebus" and "Terror," or of their captain and crews.

What was to be done? surely the ill-fated vessels must have foundered with all hands on board, or have been crushed to atoms in the Arctic ice-fields. No, the perplexing doubts still remained, and not knowing how to dispel them, all efforts having hitherto failed, most of us gave the matter up in despair. No sooner was this the case, than circumstances occurred to revive our lost hopes. Intelligence reached us that Dr. Rae, an Arctic traveller, had fallen in with some Esquimaux, and that he had obtained from them a few relics, and some vague information, which could only relate to the long-lost crews of the "Erebus" and "Terror." All England was immediately astir; another expedition was fitted out, chiefly through the private means of Lady Franklin, which were but too limited.

✱ The story of the successful search by this expedition we have in the little volume now before us. Captain Sherard Osborn opens with a sketch of the early career of Sir John Franklin.

It appears that he was first sent to sea on board a merchant ship, at a time, says Captain Osborn, "when all England was in a fever of enthusiasm, arising from the war with France." He was in the "Polyphemus," the leading ship in the attack on Copenhagen, and was subsequently shipwrecked on a sandbank in the South Seas. Afterwards we find him in one of the fifteen merchant ships before which a "French squadron of men-of-war, perfectly equipped, led by one of their most distinguished officers, retreated;" "a sight," says Captain Osborn, "of which every Englishman should cherish the recollection." Again we hear of him in the "Bellerophon," seventy-four, in the memorable action at Trafalgar.

But it is not as a warrior that Franklin will be remembered. His name will go down to future generations as "The First Discoverer of the North-West Passage." He and his devoted band will ever be associated in the minds of Englishmen with Captain Osborn's simple yet eloquent story of their terrible hardships, their manly patience and perseverance under insuperable difficulties, in the most cheerless region to be found on the face of the earth.

To conclude in Captain Osborn's own pathetic words:

"They fell at last in their sad struggle to reach home. Their prayer must have been that their countrymen might learn how nobly they accomplished the task they had voluntarily undertaken. That prayer has been granted. As long as Britain exists, or our language is spoken, so long will be remembered and related the glorious fate of the crews of the 'Erebus' and 'Terror,' and how nobly they died in the execution of their duty to their queen and country."

Fables and Fairy Tales. By Henry Morley. Illustrated by Charles Bennett. (Chapman & Hall.)

MR. MORLEY'S good-natured humility, as shown in his preface, was quite an unnecessary exercise of that uncommon virtue. It was unnecessary to seek to propitiate a reader about to give himself a world of pleasure; it was unnecessary to apologise for stories which are of

great literary worth, and most charming power of fascination; and it was wholly unnecessary to imagine that "Fables and Fairy Tales" will be aught but welcome in every rational, well-conducted household, or that they will not carry sunshine and delight to that large section of the public which will be their readers.

We do not get a chance every day of bran new fairy tales, with all the wing-feathers perfect, and the silver wands and ruby roses none the worse for wear: and no one need think it his duty to apologise for any glimpse he may choose to give us into that land of love, where only fairies and lovely children, only goodness, truth, and beauty are admitted. Mr. Morley has picked out some very pretty passages from the inexhaustible history, and has shed into them a full flavour of human life, which gives them point and poignancy, while not diminishing their own peculiar fairy-land aroma. "The Fairy Mill" is a capital story, and will impress more than a few pretty thoughts and images on the young brain: "Baron Bletch" is great; and "Dropped from the Clouds" will leave many of its readers as it left poor Nicotine, — IN A FOG. And, by the bye, what a capital vignette that is of Bennett's "man in a fog;" and what a clever grotesqueness he has thrown into the proud purse-bag who was "bred upon gold." The illustrations are by no means the least admirable parts of the book. Some of the tales have appeared before. "Sirius" was in *Fraser*, when we remember reading it with a considerable amount of interest in the fortunes of the Dognamed, and his enemy Korpatska: and the "Night Porter" was one of the effective stories of *Household Words*. But the mass of the matter is new, and not below the value of what has already appeared. Is not this apologue a perfect epitome of one phase of life?

"Every beast has his worshippers. In the middle of the table-land upon the top of a steep mountain was a temple dedicated 'To the Strongest of the Strong.' A loose rock lay before the temple-gate, and in the temple was to be set up the image of whatever creature should have strength to get it down into the valley.

"A thousand animals had come in turn and harnessed themselves to the giant stone, but had not moved it. Then the Lion came, and pulling mightily, dragged it with straining nerves across the level ground. He pulled until the weight was balanced by a hair's breadth on the edge of the descent. But then he paused. 'Unharness me,' he said; 'if I descend another step the great rock will roll over me and crush me. I abandon the adventure.' So said the Lion, who pulled well, but did not comprehend the art of pushing.

"When the Cock saw this, he flapped his wings, uplifted his eyes, and crowed, 'Fiddledede! What a noodle are you!' Getting behind the mass of rock, he flew at it, and the mere stroke of his wing was enough to set it rolling down the mountain side.

"The Lion shook his mane and stalked proudly to his lair. The image of the Cock was set up in the temple to the Strongest of the Strong."

And are not sparrows in broad cloth as logical and just as our friend here in the brown suit?

"I wonder," said a Sparrow, "what the Eagles are about, that they don't fly away with the cats. And, now I think of it, a civil question cannot give offence." So the Sparrow finished her breakfast, went to the Eagle, and said:

"May it please your royalty, I see you and your royal race fly away with the kids and the lambs that do no harm. But there is not a creature so malignant as a cat. She prowls about our nests, eats up our young, bites off our own heads. She feeds so daintily that she must be herself good eating. She is lighter to carry than a kid,

and you would get a famous grip in her loose fur. Why do you not feed upon cat?"

"Ah," said the Eagle, "there is sense in your question! I had the worm, too, here this morning, asking me why I did not breakfast upon Sparrow. Do I see a morsel of worm's skin on your beak, my child?"

"The Sparrow cleaned his bill upon his bosom and said: 'I should like to see the worm who came to you with that inquiry.'

"Stand forward, worm," the Eagle said.

"But, when the worm appeared, the Sparrow snapped him up and ate him. Then he went on with his argument against the cats."

All through this book are scattered choice morsels like these, pleasantly intervening with the more genuine fairy tale, of varied drapery and rainbow-coloured home. In fact, it is a charming book altogether; and we wish no one a better half hour than that which will take him from the fairies in the "Chicken Market" to the fairies flowing out of Lord Polypody's "Clear Head."

THE NEW SERIES OF THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

In presenting to our readers a New Series, it will hardly be necessary for us to explain at any great length the principles on which we propose to proceed. This has already been done; and, save that we shall have more space and a more effective staff, we may point to the past to indicate the character of the future.

But the present is not an unfit opportunity for discussing the prospects of literature in general, and how far it is likely to be influenced by the events going on in the political world around us. For literature to flourish, above all things peace is necessary, and though there may be what is popularly called a war literature, it is for the most part of a peculiarly transitory and unsatisfactory stamp. What then are our prospects of peace? We apprehend that for a considerable period to come they are good: those who watch the rise and fall of stocks are best able to tell how superficially political combinations have for a long time past affected the English money-market; and the returns of the revenue sufficiently prove the elastic nature of our national resources. Our recent demonstrations have had their effect, and given point to the observation, that there was no peace society like a well-appointed army and navy. It has not been without an advantageous result, that foreign potentates have seen what England, and she alone among the nations, dares to do. She without fear can put arms into the hands of all or any class of her people. We are powerful because we are united; we have no rival dynasties, no parties save those which can be, and are, merged in patriotism. From any ordinary cause we have no need to expect war; and yet war, though it may be after the lapse of some years, is really anticipated, nor is it easy to see how this is to be prevented, observing as we do the preparations continually going on upon the other side of the Channel.

But after all we do not think that there is anything mysterious in this. The Emperor is a man who keeps his own counsel as to details, but speaks out openly enough as to principles. He has again and again said that he desires peace, but as frequently declared that he represents the policy of the first Napoleon. He repudiates the idea of foreign conquest, but he claims France as it was under his uncle. He requires the treaties of 1815 to be revised; he wishes to reverse the decision of Waterloo. When, in the furthest borders of the East, the vermilion pencil traces on celestial paper the characters of the central flowery land, we

outer barbarians can tolerably well anticipate the result, and are not surprised that it eventuates in a production of unmitigated but yet transparent chicanery. It would be uncivil to Western potentates to insinuate any comparison between the doings of Hiengfung, and the transactions of their civilised cabinets; but we cannot help thinking that the celebrated "Dialogue between an Englishman and a Frenchman," and which is attributed to the Imperial pen—Richard Cobden, M.P., being the Englishman—is intended to throw dust in the eyes of Europe. We do not suppose that Louis Napoleon desires war with England; this would be nothing less than wishing for the overthrow of his empire, and the downfall of his dynasty; but he is undoubtedly preparing for such a war, and a very little reflection upon the treaties of 1815 will show under what necessity such an enterprise might be undertaken.

The Napoleonic idea represents France as a compact empire, having, externally at least, no weak points to present to an enemy, but offering a series of frontiers as formidable in aggressive, as secure in defensive warfare. For this purpose the great founder of that First Empire defined its limits by the Alps, the Mediterranean, the Pyrenees, the Bay of Biscay, the British Channel, and the Rhine. An empire so bounded would comprehend few save those to whom French was the natural language, and Paris the natural capital. It is with a view to these objects we apprehend that the treaties of 1815 are to be revised, nor can we imagine it possible that a new division of Europe could be made in such a manner without involving the necessity of an instant and extensive warfare. We believe the mode in which the Emperor is preparing for this struggle is equally astute and characteristic. He can easily repay Victor Emanuel for Savoy, by extensive dominions on the other side of the Alps. Sardinia would be more properly an Italian kingdom, and the French Empire would extend to the Alps. Judicious treaties among the German Confederation would make it comparatively easy to gain over the smaller Rhine Powers, and it would be scarcely necessary to point out the inducements by which Austria might be made to enter into such a redivision. The great opponents, however, must be Prussia and England; the latter on account of Belgium, the former on her own account. The opposition of Prussia need not, however, be very vehement. The noble river is an equally good boundary for France and *Vaterland*: and, provided that France has no share on the eastern bank, Germany may find it no bad bargain to allow her to monopolise the western. A single glance at the map of Prussia, which seems as though it were achieved by a splashing brush, dashed at the northern portion of central Europe, and which is intersected by scores of independent thrones, dominations, prince-doms, virtues, powers—of which perhaps the less we say about the virtues the better—will satisfy the geographical student that consolidation is that which, above all blessings, Prussia requires, and we can easily imagine a treaty tripartite between France, Austria, and Prussia, whereby the last-named power would at once secure what is most needful to herself, and yet hand over to her powerful neighbour those trans-rhenane provinces, which formed a part of the First Empire. We see hitherto no *casus belli*; there are no difficulties that might not be overcome by good diplomacy. All that remains is the difficult and delicate question of Belgium. At the present moment, if it were proposed to this country to permit

the annexation of Belgium and France, the reply would undoubtedly be that the thing was impossible; for, in the first place, did not Prince Leopold marry the Princess Charlotte; and, in the second place, did not Lord Palmerston, in 1830, make him a king, giving him *les braves Belges* for his subjects, and Brussels—that miniature Paris—for his capital? We confess to a difficulty here. Leopold must be provided for elsewhere, before he can be dislodged from his present position. We question whether he would accept the Papedom; and although France and Spain conjointly might offer him the Empire of Morocco, yet there is a doubt whether any prince descended neither from the Prophet, nor yet from the first four Caliphs, would be able to hold a sceptre over the Mauritanian races. These, however, are remote contingencies, and though Louis Napoleon is, as we think, preparing to claim the France of the First Empire, peaceably if it may be, but at the edge of the sword if peaceable means will not avail, we still see no reason to anticipate a speedy disruption of our friendly relations. Literature may therefore look forward with confidence: we hope to gain in the present year considerable additions to our already great literary wealth; we trust that our authors may write, and our booksellers publish freely and profitably, without any fear of blue coats, white turbans, red baggy continuations, and Zouave scimitars; and finally, that at the end of the year we may congratulate ourselves on our own success in vaticination.

NEW NOVELS.

Lucy Crofton, by the Author of *Margaret Maitland*, &c. (Hurst and Blackett.)

SENSITIVE, impatient, clear-sighted, and weak-willed Aunt Clare, the biographer of *Lucy Crofton*, is a great favourite of ours. Surrounded by the luxurious comforts of Hilfont, the wife of a man she adores—and only half respects,—the Lady Bountiful of her village, and the quasi-mother of a group of young girls whom she educates at her own place of Estcourt, Aunt Clare is not happy. She is for ever pining after that dead baby of hers, whom she welcomed with such lavish hope, who was to be all her life and all her joy, and whom she learned to love, in that one brief hour of his life, with a mystery of passion possible only to mothers. Derwent does not understand her. Happy, sleek, lazy Derwent, the loss of that unconscious child has not preyed very heavily on him. He reads his novels, buried in his easy chair, and surrounded by flowers and pictures, in all imaginable floridness of colour and luxury of arrangement; and grows daily sleeker and lazier, more content, more obtuse, more kindly-humoured, and less loving. Derwent comes before us something like a well-fed, well-favoured human oyster: and we do not wonder that Aunt Clare, with her nervous temperament and excitable nature, should find him dull and stupid, and fret in her heart over his almost unmanly want of ambition and energy. For Aunt Clare is querulous; decidedly so, and by no means faultless; but then she is true and natural, full of latent power, and brimming over with force, and feeling, and life unused. And now, to solace her in her solitude, fortune throws in her way a companion. Derwent's cousin dies, and leaves an only girl, an orphan, to the rough charge of the cruel world, if indeed Derwent and Aunt Clare will not step in between, and take her to their home and hearts. Of course they will. Derwent starts off at once "to one of the German

baths" where his cousin has died, and soon returns, bringing with him fair and pretty Lucy Crofton as their life-long guest. Their manner of return was in this wise:

"I heard no sound of wheels, though my ears were sufficiently keen—the snow had impeded the road and made it noiseless—but I heard suddenly a bustle in the hall, and felt, or supposed I felt, the cold sudden blast of air from the open door. I rose up to listen, wondering what it might be, when suddenly the door was thrown open, and Derwent appeared leading the stranger in his hand. He was glad to see me, and glad to come home; flushed by the cold and rapid journey, he looked exhilarated, bright, and cheered, more than seemed possible to me, and came in, in this sudden, hurried way, rather to introduce his charge than to meet his wife, from whom, since our marriage, he had never been parted before. It was the most momentary pang in the world, but it was a pang which startled me out of my solitude. Then I went forward to meet them. 'This is Lucy, Clare,' said Derwent, giving her over to me. I took her hand and kissed her, in an anxious revulsion of feeling, determined not to be unkind to the orphan; and strange to tell, strange to think of, she, looking more self-possessed than I was, kissed me. When I felt the firm light touch of her lips upon my cheek, I was more startled than I can describe, and involuntarily drew back a step to look at her. She was fair-haired and blue-eyed, a pretty girl. The journey and her grief, and her sudden entrance into a new home, had not discomposed Lucy. She looked at me, but not as a timid girl looks at the elder woman in whose hands the comfort of her life is henceforth to be. There was nothing wistful, nothing downcast, nothing propitiatory in her face. She looked so entirely able to take care of herself that insensibly my compassion evaporated. Every unconscious movement she made, every detail of her appearance, helped to extinguish my sympathy. Her big shawl was thrown on firmly over her arm with not a shadow of drag in it. Her hair was so smooth on her forehead, her step so unhesitating, one could not help feeling sure that everything Lucy wanted was there, exact, and in the most beautiful order, in that bag which she carried in her hand, and that there was not the remotest necessity for untying her bonnet and loosening her cloak, and making her sit down by the fire, as I did, instinctively. I said, 'Welcome to Hilfont, my dear; are you very tired?'—mechanically. They were such words as I should have addressed to another girl in her circumstances. And Lucy said, 'How do you do, aunt?' The girl quite disconcerted me with her composure and sensibleness. I did not know what to say next; while she sat looking up at me, quite brightly, as if she rather compassionated my unreadiness. It was the oddest change of position I ever knew."

Lucy Crofton and Aunt Clare did not suit. From the first, the sensitive, truthful little woman felt there was something wrong in all the unnatural self-control, the mannered innocence, the quiet interference, the humility and kindness apparently so unconscious, and really so unostentatious, which formed Lucy's character and ways; and Lucy and she entered on a quiet war, if indeed that could be called war which was only an unspoken dislike on both sides.

Lucy's calmness and impenetrability fretted Aunt Clare into a fever; and the young lady was far too clever not to see how far she might go with safety, and how disagreeable she might make herself without the possibility of suspicion or detection. It was all a matter of intuition on Aunt Clare's side, of feeling, not of practical proof; and if even she had attempted to indocrinate fat, lazy Derwent with her views, he could not have understood, and would not have received them. Once, indeed, Lucy very nearly overreached herself, when

she flirted so cunningly, yet so obviously, with Hugh Sedgewick, little Clara Harley's fiancé, that she forced the young girl, in self-defence, to assume a womanly tone towards her formidable lover; and, by so doing, revealed a depth and strength of nature for which he was unprepared, and which destroyed Miss Lucy's power for ever. But when the explanation had made matters once more smooth, and even smoother than before, Lucy was by no means baffled:

"As for myself, my curiosity of course was quieted and set at rest; but Mrs. Fortescue, Mrs. Robert, and my namesake of Stoke, all beheld the entrance of the gentlemen after dinner with a sense of excitement, and disposed themselves to look on comfortably at the ripening of this drama. Lucy herself, perhaps, was the person present least disturbed. She knew well enough that Clara was aggravated to the point of doing something; like all very clever and acute people, Lucy was wiser than her neighbours up to a certain point; but beyond that point duller than the simplest. Perhaps it might have been otherwise if her own heart had ever been concerned. She knew by intuition that poor little Clara would do or say something to relieve herself of her unusual suffering this day; but how easily honest love and real nature could dispose of those cobwebs, Lucy, straitened by her very knowingness, did not know. Yet I believe she perceived at a glance that her power was gone.

"Hugh Sedgewick had too much good sense and discretion to make any remarkable difference, or, indeed, any difference which an indifferent spectator could have noticed; but we knew better, and so did Lucy. She behaved with the greatest cleverness and skill—so great that even I could almost have owned myself deceived. She talked to everybody just as usual—talked to Hugh Sedgewick just as usual; but she made no appeal to him as she had been in the habit of doing. This was the only symptom of consciousness. For the rest, Lucy behaved herself exactly as she was wont to do, and was really much less like a convicted schemer and mischief-maker than I was, and of anything like the defection of an admirer made no sign. Then I began to perceive, and I do not doubt my companions perceived with me, how cautiously this clever little girl had managed, and how little ground we had for accusing her of any desire to attract Mr. Sedgewick. Had she been so accused, I feel certain that Lucy's astonished and indignant virtue would have been edifying, and that her accuser must have retired utterly discomfited yet not the less convinced that the indictment was a true one. She ought to have been a lawyer beyond controversy, so thoroughly was she aware of the difference between legal proveable demonstration and moral proof."

Lucy still further annoys Aunt Clare by entangling the affections, and accepting the offer, of her adopted heir, brave, clumsy, blundering Bertie. Aunt Clare had destined Bertie for Alice Harley, and was proportionately discomfited when she found that Miss Lucy had frustrated her designs, and got herself into the position of mistress expectant of Estcourt. But the young lady's game was deeper, and her quarry higher than Bertie, the blundering guardsman; she aimed at young Mr. Broom, the heir of Plantagenet Hall, who is little more, however, than a *nomini umbra* through the book; making his appearance only once, when Lucy was indulging in a stolen interview with him over the stile in the wood. And now it comes out why Lucy has accepted Bertie. Her love affair with young Mr. Broom is a secret from his proud old father, and she fears that he will stand too much in awe to venture on an actual marriage, unless spurred thereto by very pressing circumstances. So she makes Bertie's honest passion her lever, talks of the hated marriage into which she is about to be forced, and so plays upon this very donkey-like

and empty young man, that an elopement is agreed on, immediately consequent on Aunt Clare's discovery of the meeting at the stile. And Lucy does elope; and even Derwent then is convinced that she is bad. But Bertie holds part by his faith in her; believes that Aunt Clare has treated her ill, and so driven her away; and will not accept Gretna Green or another husband as possible contingencies in the programme of the future, until Aunt Clare sends him this letter, which there was no gainsaying:

"The next letter I had overlooked. When I saw the writing, I tore it open with still greater eagerness. It was from Lucy. It was written with a levity and lightness of tone, assumed, doubtless, to show how little sense of wrong she had; perhaps, too, the natural expression of relief from her long dissimulation. She was married, and they were going to spend a few weeks in a cottage on one of the lakes. 'Neither Reginald nor I am at all romantic,' wrote this calm bride. 'If I had by chance married Bertie instead, this would have been much more congenial to him than it is to us; but we cannot go to old Mr. Broom directly, and so have made up our minds to wait here. I have not written to Bertie, and I dare say he would not care to hear from me now. I should be much obliged if you would convey my good wishes to him, and say that I am really grieved to have given him any pain. I never should have done it, I assure you, Aunt Clare, but that he was very urgent, and I was very much embarrassed about Reginald, whom you had seen by chance in the village, and did not know how in the world to direct your attention from him. I knew we should have been ruined if you had found us out then, and I thought it was sure to please Bertie for the time, if I accepted him, and he would perhaps bear my marrying somebody else better at another time than just then. So, all things considered, I thought I was justified in what I did, though it was a great vexation to me to be obliged to do it. If you will explain this to Bertie, as much as you think proper, I shall be so pleased.'"

Of course Bertie's disappointment wears itself out like all disappointments, and he goes to India, where he flourishes and does well. Lucy is clever enough to win over old Mr. Broom to her own side—for Lucy is a Becky Sharp in her way—and soon dates her letters from Plantagenet Hall, the aim of all her ambition; and poor little Aunt Clare is again gladdened by the sight and sound of a young life clinging to hers, and one day shows Derwent a son, who is to charm him out of his easy chair existence, and lead him up by love to energy and work.

It is a charming book; a pretty story sweetly told, without a grain of affectation in it from first to last; gentle, interesting, natural, and not weak.

SHORT NOTICES.

Morphy's Games of Chess. The lovers of chess have just had a work published for their express edification, being nothing less than a volume containing the principal games played by the celebrated Morphy both in England and America, with notes, analytical and critical, by the well-known Löwenthal. It forms a volume of Bohn's Scientific Library.

The Nature and Treatment of Gout and Rheumatic Gout. By Alfred Baring Garrod, M.D., F.R.S. 8vo. (Walton and Maberly, London, 1859.) The word "gout" was in the first instance derived from that humoral (not altogether erroneous either) theory of the disease, which ascribed its origin to the instillation of a morbid humour into the joints "drop by drop." In fact, the French for drop, "goutte," means also gout; and hence it is, that we find synonymous appellations of the disease in most modern languages

(French, goutte; Italian, gotta; Spanish, gôta; German, gicht, &c.) One of the earliest descriptions of gout is to be found in the works of Hippocrates, who flourished 350 B.C., and, following the thread of writers downwards, we find continual allusions to the disease. Indeed, Lucian's Tragopodagra and Oeypus may almost be said to have gout, its pains and terrors, for their theme. We shall not follow Dr. Garrod further into the very interesting researches he has made in this direction; but rather seek to convey briefly to our readers those points in the history of gout, of which we were, up to the time of Dr. Garrod's investigations (which he has now with a truly laudable patience and ability been pursuing for upwards of twelve years), really in total ignorance. Dr. Garrod has demonstrated by the best of evidence—that of facts—that gout is a truly blood-disease, depending on the presence of an unnatural excess of a peculiar acid in the blood. This, Uric acid, is one of the chief constituents of the urinary excretion of nearly the entire animal kingdom. The "chalkstones," so frequently observed in the ears and joints of old gouty patients, are composed of this acid. Thus much for the essential nature of the disease. What are the circumstances favourable to its production? It is a popular notion that gout is, *par excellence*, one of the unpleasant heirlooms which are handed down from generation to generation of a "gouty family." Scientific statistics fully bear out this idea. In one singular instance our author ascertained that "for upwards of four centuries the eldest son of the family had invariably been afflicted with gout when he came into the family estate." Dr. Garrod's views on the influence of beer, wines, and spirits in the production of gout are very decided; so potent "that it may be a question, whether the malady would ever have been known to mankind, had such beverages not been indulged in." Strong beers, port, and sherry, stand out in relief in this regard; whilst on the contrary the lighter wines, as claret, hock, Moselle, and even Champagne and spirits, are comparatively innocuous. A very curious fact that Dr. Garrod has noticed is, that plumbers and painters (from the impregnation of the system with lead) are peculiarly liable to gout. To every sufferer from gout the name of colchicum is as "familiar as household words," and we might almost add, at intervals "all the year round"—too. Yet this drug has only been in use since the last century, having been introduced into medicine by Baron Störk in 1763. But the most remarkable circumstance is, that a variety of colchicum was used in the treatment of gout 1280 years ago, under the name of hermodactyl (*ἡρμόδακτυλος*), being first mentioned by Alexander of Tralles about 580 A.D. Dr. Garrod's opinion of the value of colchicum is, that it has "a most powerful influence in the progress of gouty inflammation;" "that it possesses as specific a control over true gouty inflammation as cinchona barks over intermittent diseases;" and further, that "when colchicum is carefully prescribed, it has no tendency to prolong the gouty paroxysm, or render the disease more chronic in its character." In conclusion, it is on the present occasion our pleasing duty to congratulate Dr. Garrod on the production of his valuable work, which we can conscientiously recommend to any of our readers, who may be so unfortunate as to feel in the slightest degree interested in the subject of which it treats,—which, Dr. Garrod will excuse us for saying, we sincerely hope they are not.

Songs for the Little Ones at Home. Illustrated by Birket Foster and John Absolon. (Sampson Low.) This little volume consists of sixteen little poems, by different authors, each poem being accompanied by a coloured engraving. The poems are well selected, and the book is nicely printed and illustrated, and will form an acceptable present to those for whom it is published.

* In vol. i. p. 102 of that interesting periodical, the victims of gout may find some consolation in a very humorous picture of their tormentor.

The Post-Office Directory for 1880. (Kelly.) We are very sorry that we are so late in noticing the appearance of this wonderful volume. Though even now it is scarcely necessary to say more than that, in point of utility, in variety of information, in clearness of type, in correctness, and in completeness, there is little or nothing left to desire. This bulky Directory of the greatest city in the world is in every respect one of the marvels of the age.

The Vicar of Lyssal. A Clergyman's Diary of 1729-82. (Saunders, Otley, & Co.) A very simple, and touching, and pleasantly written book is this. It merely purports to be an unaffected record of the domestic life of a clergyman in Cumberland; but it deserves to meet with many readers, and we hope that it will find them. The little volume is exceedingly well got up, and we cordially recommend it.

Columbus; or, the New World. A Poem, by Britannicus. (Bennett.) This is only, it appears, Volume I.: the later voyages of Columbus and his death are reserved to form matter for a second poem, the issue of which, however, depends upon the reception given to this one by the public. As a poem we cannot speak very highly of Britannicus' production; as a rhythmical record of the life of Columbus, we have no doubt but that it is all perfectly correct.

The Conversion of St. Vladimir; or, The Martyrs of Kiev, is the title of No. XI. of Messrs. Parker's Historical Tales. It is interesting, and is a great improvement upon the last one, *The Black Danes*, at least as far as regards the carrying out of the object with which the series is published,—the popularising the knowledge of Church-history, and the inculcation of Church-principles.

Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines. New Edition. Edited by Robert Hunt, F.R.S., F.S.S. (Longmans.) At the date of its publication, and for some years afterwards, this well-known dictionary was a most valuable work, but the progress of science has introduced so many changes, that its complete revision became necessary, and has been undertaken by Mr. Robert Hunt, assisted by a numerous staff of well-known men of science. The appearance of the first part argues well for the success of the design; and we do not doubt that when the whole fourteen are before us, we shall have to congratulate the public on the possession of a work really necessary to students and manufacturers. The alterations and additions are very numerous; and we observe an excellent paper on Aluminium, brought down to this time. Other topics seem equally well treated. It struck us that the subject of Allotropy is rather summarily dismissed, as it is likely to have an important influence on arts and manufactures. Perhaps, however, when we come to the several important substances susceptible of this condition, we shall find it more amply noticed. The principal articles in this part are on Acetic Acid, Acidimetry, Alcohol, Alkalimetry, Alum, Ammonia, and Anchors.

Routledge's Illustrated Natural History. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., F.L.Soc. (Routledge.) The January number of this work treats of shrewmice, hedgehogs, opossums, kangaroos, and similar creatures. The letter-press is pleasantly written, and the illustrations numerous, but they strike us as being peculiarly liable to mislead young readers as to the size of the animals.

The Gallery of Nature. By the Rev. Thomas Milner, M.A., F.R.G.S. New Edition. (W. & R. Chambers.) Parts 15-17 complete the Geology of this publication, going from the Silurian system to the Recent formations. It is profusely illustrated by wood engravings, which are surprisingly good, considering the low price of the work. The last number contains an index, which bears marks of careful compilation.

Pre-Adamite Man. (Saunders, Otley, and Co.) The author of this work has been struck by the geological evidence in favour of a much higher antiquity of the human race, than has generally been ascribed to it, and taking this in connection with some difficulties in the early chapters

of Genesis, together with certain other passages of Scripture, he has concocted a theory of a race of human beings previous to the creation of Adam, to whom he ascribes warlike implements, and other indications of savage life, at the same time supposing them to have been wonderfully perfect, and having bodies not subject to death, and therefore unlikely to furnish us with fossil remains. Geology is certainly an unfortunate science in tempting persons who know little of its facts and nothing of its philosophy to set up all sorts of queer speculations; and when theological crochets are superadded, there is no limit to the absurdities with which the public is treated. Hugh Miller, whose geological knowledge was very considerable, and Mr. Gosse, who has deservedly won an excellent reputation as a naturalist, are both illustrations of the folly of leaving scientific methods for a game at guess-work directed by prejudice; but the warning derived from their example has been thrown away upon the author of this book. It is not likely to do any harm, because it exhibits little skill in argument, and its theories are not particularly attractive.

The Prize Microscopes of the Society of Arts. (Ward and Co.) The main object of this little book appears to be to contribute to the notoriety of the Society of Arts prize microscopes, made by Messrs. Field and Co., of Birmingham, and to warn the public against the artifices of makers who have unfairly taken a name to which the firm just mentioned are exclusively entitled. We hear a very good report of the microscopes in question, but cannot speak from personal observation. The remarks which this little book contains to assist beginners will prove in the main useful, but we doubt Mr. Woodward's being a practical microscopist, and he has still left the place open for a really good shilling work, on "What to Do with a Microscope." We ought to add, the plates are good.

The Conway in the Stereoscope, illustrated by Roger Fenton, Esq., M.A., with Notes Descriptive and Historical, by James Bridge Davidson, Esq., M.A. (Lovell Reeve.) This is a very pleasantly written volume, accompanied by twenty of the most charming stereographs we remember to have seen. In looking at beautiful landscapes rendered by its means, we at once feel that photography offers no literal transcript of nature, although much of its detail is marvellously exact; but there is room for artistic talent and genius in its employment, as no mere chemical precision and mechanical dexterity can compensate for want of a capacity to realise the meaning of the objects selected for the experiment. There is a profound sentiment in photographic landscapes well chosen and well executed, and we often find an otherwise good picture spoilt for want of knowing how to select a point of view adapted to the process. Mr. Fenton has long been remarkable for his success in rescuing photography from being a mechanical trade, and raising it to the dignity of a branch of art, but we do not think his skill has ever been more conspicuous than in the production of the little gems in the present volume. Every view is worth a separate description; and although the work is beautifully got up for the drawing-room table, we cannot but regret that the pictures have to be seen by the very imperfect method of the "book stereoscope"—an instrument which cannot do justice to their varied merits. Mr. Fenton has been more fortunate than usual with moving water, which, although it at first looks somewhat like a snowfield, gets a more fluid character after quiet examination, and harmonises much better with the tones of other portions of the scene than is commonly the case. The first view, "Down the Lledr," is admirable throughout. In the foreground is a mass of broken rocks and foam, while in the middle distance the river seems to wind placidly through the hills, and the faint outlines of mountains close the scene. This is one of the best, but we prefer the last, notwithstanding some technical defects. It is Fordd (Forss?)

Nevin, and under the stereoscope presents an almost interminable river valley, with varied lights upon the shadowy waters, and leafy trees almost over-arching the bed of the stream. The atmospheric effects in this piece are singularly fine, and we could fancy the sunlight had made an acquaintance with Turner, before giving us so poetical a version of an exquisite view. There are many others we could particularise with pleasure, but will only cite the "Double Bridge on the Machno." The "bridge" is by no means easy to see, but the water and trees are very fine, and there are fantastic dashes of light, which, if not corresponding with anything really seen in nature, are eminently beautiful and suggestive. The letter-press is far above the guide-book standard, but, with no disrespect to Mr. Davidson, we prefer looking at the pictures, and making stories for ourselves.

The Nature, Value, and Disputability of Life Assurance Policies. By Alexander Robertson. (Clark, Edinburgh; Bateman, London.) In this pamphlet Mr. Robertson discusses several questions of great importance to insurers, relating to the disputability of policies, and the hardships suffered by policy-holders and families, in consequence of defects of practice and of law.

The Assurance Magazine. (C. & E. Layton.) The January number of the above magazine, a Journal of the Institute of Actuaries, contains papers on the Law of Mortality, by Mr. Makeham; on the Rationale of certain Actuarial Estimates, by Mr. Jellicoe; on the Purchase of Life Policies, by Mr. Day; and on a Test for ascertaining whether an observed degree of uniformity is to be considered remarkable, by Mr. R. Campbell; also on the Medical Estimate for Life Assurance, by Dr. Ward. These essays, although calculated to be useful to the class to whom they are addressed, will not interest the general public. Dr. Ward has shown that if medical difficulties are fully acted upon, Life Assurance would have little practical value; as scarcely anybody is sound enough to come up to the medical standard.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.—Tuesday, Jan. 17, 8 P.M. On the Distribution and Productiveness of Taxes, with reference to the Prospective Ameliorations in the Public Revenue of the United Kingdom, by Leone Levi, Esq.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Wednesday Jan. 18, 8 P.M.: Dr. Angus Smith, F.R.S., on Science in our Courts of Law.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.—Thursday, Jan. 19, 8 P.M.: Drs. Carpenter and Claparède, Further Observations on *Tonopteris onisciformis*; J. Lubbock, Esq., on the Tracheary System of Insects; and F. Walker, Esq., on the Dipterous Insects collected by Mr. Wallace in Amboyna.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—Tuesday, Jan. 17, 3 P.M.: Professor Owen, on Fossil Birds and Reptiles.—Thursday, Jan. 19, 3 P.M.: Professor Tyndall, on Light.—Friday, Jan. 20, 8 P.M.: Professor Tyndall, on the Influence of Magnetic Force in the Electric Discharge.

METEOROLOGICAL.—Wednesday.—On the Meteorology of the Arctic Regions, by David Walker, Esq., M.D., surgeon and naturalist to the Arctic Discovery Expedition; and on the Meteorology and Simoom or Poisonous Winds of the district of Beloochistan, in India, during the months of June, July, and August, 1859.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Tuesday, Jan. 17, 8 P.M.: Continued Discussion upon Mr. Grantham's Paper, "On Arterial Drainage and Outfalls."

UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION.—Monday, Jan. 16, 8 P.M.: Capt. Sherard Osborne, R.N., C.B., a Paper on the Arctic Researches.—Friday, Jan. 20, 3 P.M.: J. Bird, Esq., M.D., F.R.C.P., a Lecture on the Military and Sanitary Institutions of the Roman Armies, and the Causes of the Decay of the Legions.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.—Saturday, Jan. 20, 8 P.M.: J. A. Mann, Esq., on India as a Source of Cotton Supply.

CHEMICAL.—Thursday, 8 P.M.: On Metallurgical Chemistry, by R. Warrington, Esq. W. Odling, Hon. Sec.

ROYAL SOCIETY.—Jan. 19: Prof. Plücker, Action of the Magnet on Electric Currents transmitted through Tubes of any Form.—J. P. Gassiot, on the Interruption of the Voltaic Discharge in Vacuo by the Magnetic Force.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Papers to be read Jan. 18: 1. On some Sections South of Oxford, by Prof. J. Phillips, Pres. G.S.—2. On the Old Red Sandstone of the Grampians, by Prof. R. Harkness, F.G.S.—3. On the Old Red Sandstone of the South of Scotland, by A. Geikie, Esq., F.G.S.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Archippus, or the Christian Ministry, post 8vo. 5s.
Bastiat (F.), Harmonies of Political Economy, by Stirling, 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Beards (H.), Life Thoughts, Library edition, 4to. 16s. 6d.
Bellemare (L.), Woodrangers, by Captain M. Reid, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
Bickersteth (E.), Book of Private Devotions, new ed. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Bridges (C.), Exposition of the Book of Ecclesiastes, post 8vo. 6s.
Buck (H.), Rifle Volunteers, how to Organise and Drill them, 7th ed. 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Caesar's Gallic War, translated by Wogan, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Cambridge Greek and Latin Texts, Herodotus, by Blakesley, 3 vols. 18mo. 7s.
Cockton (H.), Stanley Thorn, new ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Cook (Rev. T.), Year of Benches, Life of, by Rev. W. Heygate, 12mo. 1s.
Cotton (W.), Some Account of the Borough of Hovey St. Mans-
rice, post 8vo. 3s.
De Lara (J.), The CXIX. Psalm, 4to. 25s.
Discontented Dick, the Naughty Chicken, 4to. 1s. 6d.
Divine (The) Master, 5th ed. 12mo. 1s.
Dixon (J.), Church Catechism, 11th ed. 18mo. 2s. 6d.
Donaldson (Th.), Hand Book of Specifications, parts I. and II. 8vo. 4s.
Elle in Sicily, 2 vo. post 8vo. 12s.
Goldsmith's Grammar of Geography, by Wright, new ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Fearon (H.), Sermons, 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Folchetto, Malaspina, from the Italian of Varese, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Greibach (J.), Christmas, a Prize Poem, 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Handel's Songs, Sacred and Secular, 4to. 4s.
Harry Linton, or the Undercurrent of Life, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Hawthorn (S.), Tanglewood Tales, new ed. 2 vols. 18mo. 2s. each.
Hodge (C.), Exposition of Second Epistle of Corinthians, post 8vo. 5s.
Hogg (W.), Poetical Legends and a Witch Story in the Devonshire Dialect, 4th ed. 12mo. 1s.
Hone (W.), Every Day Book, or Guide to the Year, new ed. 4 vols. 8vo. 54s.
Hymns for the Church Militant, new ed. 12mo. 6s.
Irving (J.), History of Dumbartonshire, 2nd ed. 4to. 4l.
Kean (C.), Life and Theatrical Times of, 2nd ed. 3 vols. post 8vo. 21s.
King (V. A.), Lectures to Cheshire Rifle Volunteers, 8vo. 1s.
Laxton's Builders' Price Book, 1860, 12mo. 4s.
Maccully, the Historian, Statesman, and Essayist, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Mac Cormack (W.), Aspirations for the Inner, the Spiritual Life, 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Marcel (W.), On Chronic Alcoholic Intoxication, 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Mather (Th.), Gas Consumers' Manual, 12mo. 2s.
Molesworth (Miss), The Great Experiment, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
Monthly Herald, 1859, 12mo. 1s.
More (Sir T.), Household of, by Author of "Mary Powell," 4th ed. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Nautical Magazine, 1859, 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Nelson (Robert), Memoir of his Life and Times, by Secretan, 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Patience of Hope, by Author of "Present Heaven," 12mo. 3s.
Pegge (Lady C.), Morning Rules of Prædication, 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Peter Parley's Wanderers by Sea and Land, 18mo. 2s.
Phillip's National School Atlas, 4to. 1s.
Poetry for Play Hours, by Gerda Fay, 16mo. 3s. 6d.
Proposals for Peace: Remarks on Ecclesiastical Doctrines, 8vo. 2s.
Pulpit (The) Sermons, by Living Divines, vol. 70, 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Punch, vol. 37, 4to. 8s. 6d.
Seliskar (Earl), On a More Effectual System of National Defence, 8vo. 1s.
Sermons for Sundays and Holidays, 1 vol. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Smiles (S.), Self-Help, new ed. 12mo. 6s.
Smith (T.), The History of Moses in Connection with Egyptian Chronology, post 8vo. 4s. 6d.
Social Science Almanack, 1860, 1s.
Stoughton (J.), Song of Christ's Flock in XXIII. Psalm, post 8vo. 3s.
Stowe (Mrs.), Minister's Woe, new ed. post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Sunday Services at Home for Young Children, Edited by Countess Dulse, new ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Tales and Sketches of Christian Life, 3rd ed. 12mo. 5s.
Tatham (E.), Memoir of, by Gregory, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Thom's Almanac and Official Directory, 1860, 8s. 6d. and 15s.
Thoughts for Quiet Hours, by M. K. M., square 18mo. 1s. 6d.
Vicar of Lyssee, a Clergyman's Diary, 1779—82, 18mo. 4s. 6d.
Waters (A. T.), Anatomy of the Human Lung, post 8vo. 6s. 6d.
Wellington's (Duke of) Life, by Yonge, 2 vols. 8vo. 45s.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

NEW POEM BY MR. ERNEST JONES.—We understand that a new poem by Mr. Ernest Jones is in the press, and will shortly be published. It is entitled *Corayda*, and is dedicated by permission to Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. If one considers the political antecedents of the dedicatory and the dedicatee, the fact of a poem by such an author appearing under such patronage will seem rather curious.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Return of admissions for six days ending Friday, January 6th, 1860:—number admitted, including season ticket holders, 19,335.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—During the week ending 7th January, 1860, the visitors have

been as follows:—On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, free days, 8308; on Monday, and Tuesday, free evenings, 5896; on the three students' days (admission to the public 6d.) 1422; one students' evening, Wednesday, 292; total, 15,918; from the opening of the museum 1,215,862.

THE LONDON ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION.—The first meeting of this society took place on Saturday evening at St. James' Hall, when upwards of sixty amateur instrumentalists were present, and very creditably performed several overtures and symphonies, under the able direction of Dr. James Pech. The next meetings are announced to take place every Saturday evening, terminating in June.

BUILDING IMPROVEMENTS IN IRELAND.—The Hon. Robert Bourke, a member of the Executive Committee, and Mr. Gruneisen, Secretary to the Conservative Land Society, have just returned from a visit to Ireland, in order not only to introduce the freehold land system, as yet unknown in that country, but also to ascertain whether the plan of model lodging-houses could not be advantageously extended to Ireland, and a general amelioration made in the dwellings of the operatives and peasantry.

DRAN TYRENC'S admirable little book on the "Study of Words" has reached a ninth edition, revised and enlarged; in addition to this, a large and important etymological dictionary, wherein every word will be traced, tracked, and dodged to its very root or *etymon*, is in the course of publication. Verily the study of words must be like other studies, entrancing to those who take it up.

A FLORAL COMPASS.—A little plant is found upon the prairies of Texas called the "compass flower," which under all circumstances of climate, changes of weather, rain, frost, or sunshine, invariably turns its leaves and flower towards the North.

THACKERAY'S new Magazine has had a great success; it has already sold eighty-five thousand of the first number, and we may add, had more than seven hundred pounds of advertisements stitched up with it.

FUNERAL OF LORD MACAULAY.—The remains of this illustrious man have been deposited in their last resting-place in Westminster Abbey. The family cortège, which was preceded by several mutes, one of whom bore a plume of feathers, consisted of a hearse drawn by six horses, three mourning coaches, and a brougham, and was, as this description of it indicates, of a very unostentatious character. The chief mourners were the Rev. J. Macaulay and Mr. Macaulay, jun., C. L. Macaulay, Esq., and George Trevelyan, Esq., who were seated in the first carriage. S. F. Ellis, Esq., E. Cropper, Esq., J. Cropper, jun., Esq., and H. Holland, Esq., were conveyed in the second carriage. In front walked the Constable of the Abbey, the Almsmen of the Abbey, sixteen Boys of the Choir, the Sub-Dean; Canons—Repton, Jennings, and Cureton; the Dean (Rev. R. C. Trench). The pall-bearers were: the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Carlisle, Earl Shelburne, Earl Stanhope, Sir Henry Holland, Bart., Lord John Russell, Duke of Argyll, the Speaker, Sir David Dundas, the Dean of St. Paul's (Dr. Milman). The service performed on this occasion was deeply earnest and impressive. Indeed, the whole ceremony was conducted in such a manner as to render it more than usually solemn in its effect.

Panorama of Venice.—Mr. Burford has just opened a beautiful view of Venice, which is not taken from any of the well-known spots so familiar through the works of Turner, and other celebrated artists. On entering the gallery from which the panorama is seen, the visitor finds himself at once in front of the famous church of St. Mark, whose barbaric splendour and quaint outlines are clearly exhibited. Next comes the Doge's Palace, and a glimpse of the water, and to the right is the Campanile Tower, unfortunately shorn of its top, and the great square filled with the varied groups proper to the carnival season. The illustrating guide book enumerates no less

than forty-five conspicuous objects of interest, and as soon as the spectator has grown familiar with the light and his position, he becomes powerfully impressed with the reality of the scene, while the mass of details that can be distinguished by an attentive examination will furnish agreeable employment for some time.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Paris, 11th January.

I HAVE just been enabled from the evidence of my own eyes and ears, to record one of those strange modifications of public opinion that take place nowhere so often, or so unexpectedly as here! I told you some time back of the immense success of Young Dumas' new piece, *Le Père Prodigue*. I went last night to see this again, and was astonished beyond measure at the change that had taken place in the feelings of the house. This is easy to explain: no one so much as Young Alexandre Dumas knows how to "get up" a success, and "make" a public. For a full fortnight after any of his plays appear, he insures their fanatical vogue, and if any one out of France could ever arrive at a correct knowledge of what the intrigues of the literary world are in France, it would be easy to explain how this can be brought about. But that would be too long, and perhaps, after all, not interesting to a purely English public. Suffice it to say, that Young Dumas never fails a success at first, and I was thoroughly justified in saying to you that *Le Père Prodigue*, a full fortnight after its debut, held the Paris public in resolute enthusiasm. Some few very old "stagers" did say to me, "wait for the real public and you will soon see," but I could not believe this. I have now, however, seen with my own eyes, and am not only forced to confess the "old stagers" were right, but I am somewhat more disposed to think that even in the Paris public there is some sense of morality left. The aspect of the public last night was a different one from what I had observed before; it was far more, I should say, composed of what one would call "everybody," and certainly "everybody" was far from disposed to accept quietly (much less approvingly) all the enormities of André De la Rivonnière and his father. The house was by no means a full one; the boxes had in them many persons well known in society, and I did not discover one *Dame aux Camelias*. Well, I am bound to admit that this public hardly applauded once, and was decidedly unsympathetic during the whole performance. You might frequently see heads turned in disgust from the want of dignity evinced in some scenes, and countenances expressive of genuine repugnance at the picture presented on the stage. No one, literally no one, applauded except the professional *claqueurs*, and it was impossible not to see that the whole assembly of people gathered together there, were seriously aware that the drama enacted before them was an immoral one, and that, if it was (as it unluckily is) the true delineation of what French manners now are, why so much the worse for French manners. Now this is a decided progress. Generally, till now, when one attempts to talk to a Frenchman of the inferiority of morals here compared to those of other countries, he tells you other countries are more hypocritical, and that is the only difference, so that I am really disposed to hail with satisfaction any progress made on the part of a French public towards distinguishing what we should term morality from immorality. This is not exactly the first time that I have thought I perceived a disposition in the hitherto careless and light-minded society of France, to judge more sanely of these kind of subjects. Upon the occasion of Madame Sand's last scandalous novel, *Elle et Lui*, I was rather struck with the effect produced, and in that case another feature rendered the whole more remarkable. Madame Sand's immoral book was one of the best written of her later works, and had something in it of her once simply fine style (which she had gradually been losing for many obvious reasons); the literary superiority therefore

of her work over the *Lui et Elle* of Paul de Musset was incontestable; still the public gave its verdict in favour of the morality of *Lui et Elle*, and upheld its original sentence against the cowardly and treacherous work that had called it into existence. After that appeared the simply infamous and indecent book of Madame Louise Colet, entitled *Lui*. That had no excuse whatever, whether of talent or opportuneness, and at this Paris whole and entire gave forth but one opinion: universal and unmitigated disgust greeted this abominable and gratuitous effusion. But in reality all this has given wholesome exercise to the moral sense of the French; and now, when the genuine public is brought to pronounce upon such a production as *Le Père Prodigue*, it is positively capable of judging of the impropriety in spite of the talent, and of reacting against the frenzied fanaticism of the public "got up" for the few first nights.

Another event in the theatrical world has, I confess, disappointed me, that is, the utter failure of Giuglini at the Italiens. Somehow or other, the artist and the audience were from the very first moment unsympathetic to each other, and I, for one, saw clearly that Giuglini would not "do" in Paris. He was chilled and bewildered, and lost all control over his faculties. His voice had no longer any "charm;" his style lost all repose; and he terribly overacted everything. Here and there in the *Puritani*, I thought once or twice he was going to retrieve himself, but it was not to be; for when the singer was on the verge of improvement, the audience leed him back into mediocrity by its stiffness, and when the audience was about to be indulgent, the singer was not in a humour to meet it half-way; so that altogether it was, and is, a failure. If I had only heard Giuglini sing here, I should concur with the Parisians in their idea of his being quite second-rate—at best, a graceful *tenorino*, in the style of Gardoni, without his calmness and tranquillity. I still hope that *La Favorita* may be given, and that with Madame Borghi Mano as a *Leonora*, Giuglini in his very best part, as *Fernando*, may at all events show the Paris public why the London one admired him.

In about a fortnight the Grand Opera will bring out a work of Prince Poniatowski's, called *Pierre de Medicis*. The libretto is written by the Marquis de St. George, and the "getting up" is described as something quite marvellous as to splendour. It will be performed by Madame Lauters, her husband (M. Gueymard), and Bonnehé, the baryton, who, by a caprice of the composer's, is to have the lover's part. Those who have heard the music of this new Opera tell me (what you will have no difficulty in believing) that it is below all critical appreciation; but the Grand Opera has now taken as a habit apparently the contempt of all mere musical art, and so long as the ballets are good, the scenery fine, and the dresses splendid, the *habitués* of the *Académie Royale* ask for nothing further. The illumination in coloured lamps in the third act is, I fancy, what will be the chief attraction of *Pierre de Medicis*, if *Pierre de Medicis* is destined to be an attraction at all.

Roger is actually engaged at the Italiens, to play *Don Giovanni*, and curiosity is at its very highest pitch to see how his voice and how his style (so used to the *unsteady* declamation rather than singing of the French lyrical stage) will be able to agree with Mozart's grand and serene manner.

Of all the numerous actions at law that the government here has had to follow out, (much to its annoyance,) none is likely to be more amusing than that brought against M. d'Haussonville by the proprietor of the *Courrier de Paris*. These are the circumstances of the case: M. d'Haussonville, seeing the progress made throughout the country by the spirit of opposition, and the tendency within the last two or three months of all parties to unite frankly together, and pull the same way,—M. d'Haussonville (who is son-in-law to the Duc de Broglie) proposed to buy a newspaper, and get every man with any talent

belonging to no matter what political creed (except Bonapartism), to write in it. Accordingly he bought, or rather promised to buy, the *Courrier de Paris*. The price fixed was 4000l. (100,000 frs.), and that being quite settled, a certain M. Leymarie, M. d'Haussonville's associate, repaired to M. Billault, the Minister of the Interior, and asked for the "authorisation" to publish, which was refused! "We do not mean to attempt anything violent or excessive," said M. Leymarie. "We are too rich for that, and we put too much money into our enterprise. We wish to last, and to represent a moderate legal constitutional opposition!" At this, M. Billault sprang from his seat, exclaiming, "*Une opposition modérée et constitutionnelle, that is just what we will not tolerate!*"

Upon this M. d'Haussonville determines not to buy, and he tells the former proprietor of the journal that the bargain is off, for that he finds he is not to be permitted to "appear." But the vendor of the paper does not understand this, and insists on being paid; not having contracted, he says, to furnish "the right of publication, but simply the *matériel* and the title of a newspaper." He therefore summons M. d'Haussonville before the Tribunal de Commerce, and M. d'Haussonville is preparing to plead his own cause, which he will be likely to do in a vastly amusing way. It is rumoured, however, that the government, fearing extremely these kind of scenes, has a notion of interfering, and forcing the plaintiff in this cause to give up his suit, and remain satisfied not to have sold his journal.

An immense sensation has been created throughout the reading public in France by the last two *entretiens* of Lamartine upon Thiers and his work on *The Consulate and Empire*. They are proof the more of the wonderful power of improvisation of their author. For I have more than my doubts of his ever having read through the eighteen volumes! But he has certainly—under cover of admiration—put Thiers most thoroughly in his "right place," and held up all his defects most strikingly to view. He has noted all the vulgarity of Thiers's style and taste, and pointed out his superficiality and love of gaudiness and noise. There never was a finer judgment passed (or a more adroit one) upon any man or any book.

SCIENTIFIC.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—7th Jan.: Lord Viscount Stranford in the chair. Frederick Fincham, Esq., and Charles Gubbins, Esq., were elected into the society. The secretary read a paper on some inscriptions found in the region of El Harrah, in the Great Desert to the south-east of the Holy Land, by C. C. Graham, Esq. The discoverer of these inscriptions and author of the paper was inclined, about two years ago, to make an excursion into the Great Desert east and south-east of the Hauran, the Auranitis of the Greeks, and the Bashan of the Bible. Numerous deserted cities had been seen in this Great Desert by Porter, Burckhardt, and Seetzen, while exploring the Hauran, but none of them had ever visited the ruins. Mr. Graham was excited by their accounts to enter into this unknown region. After passing the volcanic district of El Safah, far east of the Hauran, he found five ancient towns, bearing the same marks of high antiquity as the old towns of Bashan, with the massive stone doors, like those invariably found in the latter. One of the cities is remarkable for a large building like a castle, built of white stone, beautifully cut. This was evidently more modern than the stone houses of the towns; and it had a legend attached to it by the Arabs who accompanied him. The old story of a mighty king, with a beautiful daughter, ruling once the country far and wide, who was put to death by Tamerlane. No writing was found in the towns, but occasionally a single stone was found with a short inscription. This

induced a further search, which was rewarded, on continuing the journey eastward, by finding several places in the desert where "every stone was covered with inscriptions." Several of these inscriptions were laid upon the table. They consisted generally of short lines in a character of which many, at least, of the letters are undoubtedly Greek, generally written from left to right, but now and then from right to left. Most of these inscriptions have only one line of writing; and several of them are accompanied by rude but spirited figures of animals, such as monkeys, or camels. Mr. Graham enters into some details as to the nature of the alphabet of these inscriptions, giving a comparative table, in which it is placed in juxtaposition with the Hebrew, Arabic, and Himyaritic alphabets; and concludes with his opinion that the last-named alphabet is the one which will afford a clue to the interpretation of these ancient writings.—The chairman then read a translation of an inscription of Sennacherib, found on a clay cylinder in the British Museum, which was printed by the Museum authorities. The translation was made by Mr. Fox Talbot, from a very superior copy of the inscription made by Bellini, and published by Grotefend. The inscription contains the annals of the two years commencing the reign of the monarch. It begins with his victory over Merodach Baladan, and his allies of Elam and Susiana; the capture of Babylon, the plunder of all his treasures, and the seizure of his followers, his wife, and harem, who were distributed as a spoil. He then narrates the capture and destruction of eighty-nine large cities, and 820 small towns in Chaldea; after which he placed Belibus, one of his followers, as a king, in the place of Merodach Baladan. On his return from Babylon, Sennacherib conquered seventeen tribes, all named; and carried off to Assyria, 208,000 male and female captives, together with a vast spoil of horses and cattle, all duly enumerated. Amidst further detail of destruction and plunder, we learn that he erected a stone tablet in his royal city, with an inscription detailing his conquests; and that he received tribute from the distant Medes, of whom his predecessors had never heard. He then details the improvements effected by him in his capital of Nineveh. The building of a splendid palace is fully described; the re-establishment of the ancient canals for supplying the city with water, "for the health and comfort of the citizens;" and the construction of such new works as were necessary for the same purpose; also the widening of streets and squares, the erection of gates, and other embellishments, until the city became "as brilliant as the sun." The inscription concludes by invoking blessings on the restorer of his palace, when time shall have caused it to decay; and, unlike many similar monuments, contains no curses for those who shall neglect such a useful duty.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Tuesday, 10 January, 1860. Dr. Gray, Vice-President, in the Chair. Dr. Hamilton exhibited specimens of hybrids between the male pheasant and the common fowl, of unusual size and strength. Mr. Slater pointed out the differences in the trachea and skulls of the two species of Spurwinged geese (*Plectropterus gambensis*, and *P. ruppelli*) from specimens which had lately died in the Gardens; and exhibited an example of Pallas' sandgrouse (*Syrhaptes paradoxus*), killed in North Wales, belonging to the Free Public Museum of Liverpool. Mr. S. Stevens exhibited birds and lepidopterous insects belonging to Mr. Wallace's last collections from Batchian, among which were many new and interesting species. Mr. G. R. Gray communicated a list of these, and promised further particulars and a description of the new species at a future meeting. Dr. Gray read a paper describing a new Marsupial (*Cuscus ornatus*), and giving a list of the other mammals obtained by Mr. Wallace in the island of Batchian. These consisted of an ape (*Cynopithecus nigrescens*), nine species of bats, and a young male of *Viverra zibetha*. Dr. Gray also characterised a new form of soft-bodied turtle

from the Zambesi, a specimen of which had recently been received by the British Museum from Dr. Livingstone, under the name *Aspidochelys livingstonii*. Papers were also communicated by Dr. E. Von Martens on the known species of Siamese mollusca; and by Mr. W. H. Harper Pease on new *Planaria*, and on new species of mollusca, principally *Bullidæ*, from the Sandwich islands.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Jan. 2nd, 1860. J. O. Westwood, Esq., F.L.S., in the chair. Messrs. J. W. May, R. G. Keely, and W. G. Pelerin, were elected members. Mr. Groves exhibited a specimen of *Libellula pectoralis*, a dragonfly new to Britain, found in June, at Sheerness. Mr. Stevens exhibited a fine collection of insects of various orders, sent from Siam, by Mons. Mouhot, amongst which were a splendid new *Saturnia*, and some beautiful *Locustidæ*. Mr. Westwood exhibited an elytron of a beetle (*Broscus cephalotes*) received from Sir C. Lyell, who had sent it to him as that of a fossil beetle, it having been found at Mundesley, in Norfolk, in a formation containing fish remains of extinct species, associated with recent shells; Mr. Westwood stated that the elytron was no doubt a recent one, and it was not difficult to account for it being found in such a situation, as the species is common amongst marine rejectments on the coast, and it could readily be supposed that the working of worms might have carried down so small an article as the elytron of a beetle; the fact, however, possessed much interest, in connection with that of the flint arrow-heads found in the drift, which has lately attracted so much attention. Mr. Westwood also exhibited a small Lepidopterous larva, apparently of a species of *Tinea*, having eight ventral, and two anal prolegs, which he had received from a correspondent at Plymouth, who, whilst asleep, was aroused by a smart bite inflicted on his instep, and who, on examination of the part affected, discovered the larva exhibited. Mr. Westwood observed that although some Lepidopterous larvae were known to be carnivorous, and many of them in confinement would devour other larvae, yet this was the first instance recorded of the human species being attacked by them. Part IV. of the current volume of the Society's Transactions was announced as published.

INSTITUTE OF ACTUARIES.—2nd January, 1860. W. B. Hodge, Esq., Vice-President, in the chair. The following gentlemen were elected members of the Institute, viz.:—Official Associate, A. G. Ramsay, Esq.; Associates, Messrs. J. G. Carttar, J. J. H. Chapman, Sydney King, F. T. Minett, and William Pateman. The secretary announced the result of the Institute examinations, for the year 1859, to be as follows:—Out of five candidates who presented themselves for the first, or matriculation examination, three passed in the following order of merit, viz.:—1. Mr. A. H. Green; 2. Mr. W. M. Makeham; 3. Mr. Sydney King. Four candidates presented themselves for the second year's examination, and all passed, arranged as follows:—1. Mr. A. J. Finlaison; 2. Mr. W. C. Mullins; 3. Mr. C. G. Laing; 4. Mr. Charles Bischoff, jun. For the third year's examination there were two candidates, who both passed, in the order of merit indicated, viz.:—1. Mr. W. P. Pattison; 2. Mr. James Terry. Mr. Robert Tucker, Vice-President, read a paper, "On a Formula for Calculating the Value of a Survivorship Assurance," by M. E. Reboul. This paper was communicated to the Institute by M. Reboul, a French gentleman, who was formerly astronomer at the Paris Observatory, and a pupil of Arago. It contained a formula for calculating the value of a survivorship assurance, which M. Reboul intended to supersede Bailey's method. After a minute and careful examination of the formula by the referees appointed by the council of the Institute, however, it had been found, that the formula was only *absolutely* accurate in cases where the ages of the two lives are the same. In cases where the ages differ, the formula is only an *exceedingly close approximation*,

Mr. Archibald Day read a paper, "On the Purchase of Life Assurance Policies, as an Investment." In this short paper (which will be found in the forthcoming January number of the Assurance Magazine) Mr. Day stated, that he could not recommend the public to invest in Life Assurance Policies. In the discussions which followed the reading of each paper, Mr. Jellicoe, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Peter Gray, Mr. S. Brown, Mr. Porter, Mr. Pinckard, Mr. Sprague, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Bishop, and the chairman took part, and thanks having been voted to M. Reboul and Mr. Day, the meeting adjourned to Monday, the 30th instant.

ASTRONOMY.—The December Number of the Monthly Notices of the Astronomical Society contains a paper by Norman Pogson, Esq., on the "Unexpected Reappearance of U. Geminorum." It was discovered by M. Hermann Goldschmidt on November 18th, and was not considered due till December 9th. Mr. Birt gives an account of the variability of α Cassiopeia, and Mr. Pogson supplies an ephemeris of variable stars for 1866. Mr. Birt furnishes ephemerides of the Lunar Craters, Geminus, C, and Bernouilli, March and April, 1866. The Board of Trade communicates observations on the great comet of 1860, made in the Southern Ocean, and some occultations. Then follow papers on occultations of the Pleiades, observed at Greenwich and Highbury, and of stars by the moon, by Captain Nagle; after which come the particulars of new double stars discovered by Mr. Alvan Clark; observations on Jupiter's satellites by Mr. Lassell, and on Jupiter by Sir W. Keith Murray. Professor Chevallier points out that Venus will be within a few hours of her inferior conjunction with the sun, during the total eclipse of July 18, 1860; and Mr. Dawes describes an equatorial recently made for him by Messrs. Alvan Clark and sons, Boston, U. S. The only paper of interest beyond the circle of scientific astronomers, is on a "Remarkable Solar Spot," observed by Mr. Dawes on October 22nd, which presented the appearance of "a bright streak projecting irregularly beyond the circular disk of the edge." Nearly parallel to this he noticed "an excessively narrow black line, a little broken in two or three places, as if by irregularities in the inner bright streak, the top or outer edge of which was projected upon it."

Mr. Hind has issued from the Nautical Almanack Office (Circular No. 5), a revised path of the moon's shadow during the total eclipse, July 18th, 1860, over Spain, the Mediterranean, and part of Algeria. Mr. Barclay, of Castle Street, has published Professor Airey's "Instructions and Chart for Observations of Mars at the Opposition of 1860."

CHROMEIDOSCOPE.—Under this name Messrs. Negretti and Zambra have brought out a new form of kaleidoscope. The objects viewed, instead of being bits of coloured glass, &c., are patches of floss silk of various colours, arranged on a spindle, capable of being drawn in and out, and rotated, so as to make endless changes. The effect is very pretty, and, as any figure can be reproduced and kept stationary, the instrument is likely to be of use to designers for manufactured goods, as well as forming a pleasing optical toy.

CASTOR-OIL PLANT LEAVES.—It is stated that the leaves of the castor-oil plant have the power of promoting the secretion of milk. Dr. Rowth, who has introduced them into English practice, employs a tincture, a liquor, and a decoction.

TOXICOLOGICAL COMMISSION.—The *Chemical News* quotes, with approbation, a recommendation of *Chambers' Journal* for the appointment of a Toxicological Commission, to prepare a complete scheme for the examination of suspected matters for all known poisons. In the recent Poplar case, the acquittal was founded upon the impossibility of identifying the acrid substance found by Dr. Letheby in the stomach of the deceased. The *Chemical News* says that a substance capable of producing similar effects may be extracted from the shell of the cashew nut, and has

been known in medicine under the name of *cardole*. It is certain that the skill of poisoners has outrun the ordinary knowledge of toxicologists, and we shall have a series of failures in criminal justice if the latter are not induced to devote their energies to the subject.

CURIOUS ACTION OF SILVER.—Professor Boettger states that if dry oxide of silver is moistened with essence of cloves, the mixture takes fire and the metal is reduced.

ACTION OF COPPER.—Herr Schrötter has ascertained that copper reduced from the oxide used in organic analysis has the power of reducing carbonic acid to oxide of carbon at a red heat.

ALUMINIUM.—The King of Denmark has had a helmet of this metal made in Paris. It weighs 700 grammes; a similar helmet of brass would have weighed 1700 grammes.

NEW DYE.—An Austrian is said to have discovered a carmine dye in the Chinese Sorgho. The plant is allowed to ferment, and then treated with caustic soda or potash, which dissolves the colouring matter. It is then precipitated by sulphuric acid.

ARSENIC.—When arsenic is the cause of death after a process of scientific poisoning, the detection of small quantities in the body of the victim is all that can be expected, and such detection is likely to carry little weight with juries, if plausible reasons can be given for the presence of the metal, without involving the belief in guilty agency. These facts give great importance to the question of the purity of medical preparations, and make us alarmed for the course of justice, when we find that chemists commonly sell oxychloride of bismuth, which is very likely to contain arsenic, in place of the fashionable trisnitate, which the pharmacists tell us is more likely to be pure. Should this fact be established, poisoning will be tolerably safe, if any physician or family doctor has prescribed a trisnitate that cannot be proved to be pure.

GRIFFIN'S GAS BLAST FURNACE.—Mr. J. J. Griffin, the well-known purveyor and contriver of cheap and convenient chemical apparatus, has just introduced a blast furnace, which is likely to supersede all others in laboratory work, and to be of much utility in scientific manufactures. The apparatus, which is small and portable, consists of a new kind of gas-burner and of pieces of fire-clay, which can be built up into a little furnace according to the purpose required. The burner consists of two chambers, one holding air, which requires to be pumped in by a bellows or blowing machine; and the other affording a passage for the gas. By a peculiarity of construction not easy to explain without a diagram, the air is thrown into the middle of each jet of gas at the moment of its passage through the orifice. By this means no explosive mixture of gas and air can accumulate, and the flame produced is remarkable for the intensity of its heat. A crucible is placed so as to be enveloped by the flame, and the escape of heat prevented by convenient walls of fire-clay, and the interposition of a stratum of little pebbles, which form a descending flue and intercept a large portion of the heat that would escape through an open chimney. The power of the instrument is prodigious; a small one fusing twenty-four ounces of cast-iron in twenty minutes. Mr. Griffin has patented the invention, which is well worth the attention of experimenters and metallurgists.

PLATINA IN AMERICA.—A new and rich vein of platina and gold has been discovered at Frederickstown, by Dr. Koch.

OXIDATION OF ORGANIC MATTER.—Mr. G. T. Glover, writing in the *Chemical News*, recommends oxidising organic matter in analysis for the detection of mineral poisons, by conveying through the mass to be examined the gas evolved when chlorate of potash is treated with dilute muriatic acid. He represents this process as avoiding the inconvenience of mixing the chlorate of potash with the substance itself.

EDIBLE BIRDS' NESTS.—Mr. Payen ascribes the gelatinous properties of the birds' nests so famous in Chinese cookery, and which sell for enormous prices in Paris, to a viscid fluid produced

by the salivary glands of the Salangane swallow. The epicure may not thank chemistry and physiology for resolving a choice delicacy into the spittle of birds. As this secretion has peculiar properties, M. Payen calls it *cubiose*.

COLOURED FLAMES.—Mr. A. H. Church, writing in the *Chemical News*, states that blotting-paper prepared like gun-cotton, by ten minutes' immersion in four parts of sulphuric and five of strong fuming nitric acid, and then washed and dried, produces beautiful flames if soaked in chlorate of strontium, or barium, or copper, or nitrate of potassium. Pellets thus prepared and thrown alight into the air, produce a flash of intense light. The barium salt gives a green colour, strontium crimson, potassium violet, and copper fine blue.

RAYS OF THE SOLAR AND ELECTRIC SPECTRA.—The *Photographic News* (Dec. 23rd), contains an account of M. Robiquet's researches into these phenomena, from which he concludes that every incandescence body gives a spectrum without rays, and that if in volatilising it surrounds itself with colourless and transparent vapours, no rays appear, but if the vapours are dense and easily condensable, they intercept the radiation and rays appear. He likens such vapours to screens formed of gratings, with bars varying in tenuity.

SILVER AND SULPHUR.—It has been shown by MM. Davanne and Girard, that perfectly dry sulphuretted hydrogen does not act upon silver. Silver leaves may be suspended in a perfectly dry atmosphere of this gas, without undergoing change.

CHARCOAL AND COLOURS.—M. Bollet of Zurich, after studying the action of dyes and mordants, says that tissues fix colouring matter with less force, but in the same manner, as charcoal does. The mordant, by rendering the dye insoluble, protects it, when once deposited on the tissue, against the action of water.

HYDRAULICS IN JAPAN.—The correspondent of the *Photographic News* mentions a village in which the fondness for bathing was impeded by the failure of the local well. The inhabitants thereupon conveyed a small tube of gum, bound externally with flax and cotton, over trees and poles, to another well, up a mountain slope 100 yards distant. Having immersed one end of their tube in the water, they exhausted the air, and thus obtained a constant supply upon the principle of the syphon.

RAILWAY BREAKS.—At a recent meeting of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, Mr. Fairbairn gave an account of some experiments with the railway breaks of Mr. Newall and Mr. Fay, which consist of a series of breakblocks acting upon every wheel of the train, and set in action by a single breakman or guard. In dry weather, these breaks effected a retardation estimated at 382 lbs. per ton weight of the carriages to which they were applied, the action of the ordinary break being from 300lbs. to 320lbs. per ton. When detached from the engine, these breaks brought trains of various speeds to rest, as follows: When travelling 20 miles an hour, in 24 yards; 30 miles an hour, 53 yards; 40 miles, 94 yards; 50 miles, 147 yards; and 60 miles, 212 yards. Mr. Fairbairn said that if the engine was provided with an efficient break, the whole train might, when running 50 miles an hour, be brought to a stand within 150 yards.

WATER GAS.—M. Isoard has attempted to realise the desideratum of obtaining hydrogen from water, and augmenting its illuminating power by hydro-carbons, so as to render it cheap and convenient for general use. The *Presse Scientifique* describes his apparatus as consisting of a serpentine tube in which water is pumped and vaporized. At the mouth of the tube it meets with the hydro-carbons, and in some way not explained the vapour is decomposed, and hydrogen obtained impregnated with the hydro-carbon.

SOURCES OF THE NILE.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—A crowded meeting of this Society was held on Monday

evening, at Burlington-house, the Earl de Grey and Ripon, President, in the Chair.

Sir Andrew Agnew, Bart., M.P., Captain Claude Clerk, the Hon. W. H. Forester Denison, M.P., Captain J. Hamilton Ward, R.N., Edward Enfield, H. Hamilton Lindsay, C. Otter, and J. Petherick, Esqrs., were elected Fellows.

The paper read was:—Journey up the White Nile to the Equator and Travels in the Interior of Africa, in the years 1857-58. By J. Petherick, Esq., her Majesty's Consul at Khartum.

The information was the result of five successive journeys extending over an equal number of years. On his first expedition in 1853 he reached the extreme limits of the Bahr el Gazal, where he met opposition, which, owing to the timidity and cowardice of his men, he was unable to overcome; but in the next year he effected a landing and established a station among the Djour tribe, and several others during the succeeding years, in different localities on his route; by this means he believes that he actually penetrated as far as the Equator. Starting from Khartum in December, 1857, the author and party reached on the 30th Eleis, the last Egyptian settlement on the White Nile. Leaving this and proceeding through an uninhabited country with a travelly and poor soil, but well studded with Mimosa trees, they passed two days afterwards between islands abounding in monkeys, and on one of which a few Shilluk fishermen dwelt. The Shilluk tribe, inhabiting large villages of well-made conical huts on the eastern bank, and possessing a good market, is one of the largest bordering on the river, extending 2 deg. S., and fully as far N.; the Dinker, a nomadic tribe, its deadly enemy, occupies the western bank. The dialect of both is the same, and the curious custom of extracting the lower front teeth prevails. The large island of Daenab is the point next passed. In its vicinity the western bank of the river is thickly inhabited. At the village of Gora the author had an interview with the chief Dood, the owner of fifteen wives, and father of seventy-three grown-up children, besides many infants. Proceeding through a level and well-wooded country, they arrived off the mouth of the Sobat, at its mouth about 100 yards wide, which has been navigated for a distance of about 200 miles, where it is found to divide into three separate branches, the principal one, still navigable, coming from the N.E., is supposed to have its source in the Galla country; the other two branches, from the E. and S.E., are only navigable during the inundations, and are supposed to have their origin in the country of the Berri, a dark and well-made race. The Giraffe river flowing from the S.E., scarcely half the size of the Sobat, was next passed. This river is navigable, drains the eastern bank, and is a branch of the White River, from which it detaches itself in the territory of the Bir tribe, at about 5 degs. N. lat. Continuing to steer W. by a little N., they came to a large basin—into which the White Nile flows from the S.—steered out of it by 40 degs. N., and entered the channel of the Bahr el Gazal, by which its surplus waters are discharged into the Nile. This lake is an accumulation of numberless rivulets and streams, overgrown with strong reeds, abounding in hippopotami, in such profusion as to make a passage between them appear impossible. Continuing the navigation to the Island of Kyt, they visited the author's station at Djour, and were conducted by a number of natives that came to meet them, and the chief, or bing, greeted the author by spitting in his face, and on the palm of the right hand, in token of cordiality. Pursuing their journey still farther into the interior, they ran short of provisions, and were extricated from their dilemma by the timely arrival of some females belonging to a powerful tribe that had, on a previous occasion, made war on the author, and who bartered with them provisions for beads. The natives hitherto met with are strictly pastoral, but the author remarks, we have now entered a latitude, according to his calculation, of about 8 deg. N., where the tse-tse fly abound, and where consequently cattle cannot exist; therefore the Djour tribe, as well as all the

more southerly ones, are agricultural in their habits. Pursuing their journey amid numerous obstacles and perils, the author calculates that having marched twenty-five days from the shores of the lake at the rate of nineteen miles daily in a direct line, the Equator was reached.

FINE ARTS.

WE have before us a quarto volume entitled, *Thirty Pictures by Deceased British Artists*, engraved expressly for the Art-Union of London, by W. J. Linton, a copy of which is to be presented to every subscriber to the Art-Union for the current year, in addition to a line engraving by Mr. F. Holl from Mr. Jenkins' picture, called 'Come Along'; and, of course, in addition also to the chance of a prize at the annual distribution. The volume is one well worth having. The engravings are, as those familiar with Mr. Linton's name need not be told, wood-cuts; all carefully executed, and some in a very superior manner. As a guarantee of their accuracy, the name of the draughtsman who made the copy of each picture is given in the index. The thirty pictures are by as many painters. First in order we have Sir Thomas Lawrence's charming pair of children, in a circular frame, known as 'Nature.' The last of the series is the 'Cromer' of W. Collins, R.A. But the pictures are not, as might be supposed from this, merely by painters of our own day. Though the Council have eschewed a chronological, or any other arrangement, they have selected a specimen by each of the most prominent of our painters, from Hogarth and Reynolds down to Ett and Turner; but they have huddled them together at hap-hazard. Nor have they added a word or explanation beyond the title of each picture—neither the date, the size, nor the present locality is in any instance given.

But in saying this we have exhausted our complaints. The work is one which the most fastidious may examine with pleasure. The cuts are large enough to give a fair idea of the original pictures, yet not too large for the legitimate capabilities of wood engraving. In nearly every instance the drawing is true and characteristic—and it is by no means a common thing to see an oil-painting put correctly and characteristically on a wood-block. The engraving is likewise much beyond the recent average of this kind of work. In some of the cuts there is a little coarseness and crudity, arising from haste or heedlessness; but in most the handling, while sufficiently free and spirited, is neat, firm, and varied; and the cuts are consequently full of life, colour, and character. The first, for example, Lawrence's 'Nature,' is admirable both in feeling and expression; while the next, Constable's famous 'Corn-field,' (in the National Gallery,) though in so different a style, is equally true—indeed it could scarcely have been expected that so much of the freshness and vigour, as well as the peculiar manner of this picture, could have been rendered in a wood-cut. Haydon's strange 'Curtius' (now adorning a noted music-hall over the water!) is very vigorously copied; so are Blake's still more strange 'Death's Door,' Fuseli's 'Three Witches,' and Romney's 'Milton and his Daughters.' The Gainsborough and the Turner are failures; but then the Wilson is excellent, and so are West's best work, 'The Death of General Wolfe,' and Etty's charming 'Cupid.' In a word, the book does credit both to the Council and to the engraver, and can hardly fail to be acceptable to the subscribers. Among the prizes offered this year, besides those which the subscriber has a chance of selecting for himself, are porcelain statuettes of Gibson's 'Venus and Cupid,' a series of large photographs taken in Rome, by Mr. Lake Price; and chromo-lithographs from a drawing by Mr. Absolon: so that, if the number of picture prizes be not again injudiciously stinted, the Art-Union programme for 1859-60 ought to prove unusually attractive.

The conductors of the *Church of England Pho-*

tographic Portrait Gallery continue the issue of their serial with all their old catholicity of selection, and even more than their former excellence of execution. The last of the parcel of parts now lying on our table is numbered 28. Among them are low-church bishops and high-church deans; preachers with whose eloquence the metropolis rings again, and scholars whose reputation is more than European. As studies of character, these photographs are invaluable; each one is the portrait of a man of mark, and every portrait is indisputably faithful. How large, looking quietly at these photographs, seems the mental difference between the easy self-reliant assurance stamped by nature herself on the face and brow of Archdeacon Denison, and the cautious anxiety impressed on that of Bishop Tait! Again, by what conceivable training could the Dr. Cureton of Part 21, have been gifted with the mercury of his neighbour (on the table) the Rev. J. M. Bellew—or Mr. Bellew have become the laborious investigator of obscure eastern traditions, or the decipherer of Syriac manuscripts? Or how could either—judging them merely from these photographs—have possibly done the work of Francis Close, in Cheltenham, or Thomas Dale, in the City and St. Pancras? though these last, unless their physiognomies be at fault, might perhaps not inadequately have played out each other's part. But turning from the men to comment on the pictures, we may fairly compliment the proprietors on an improvement in the style of the photographs, as a whole: several of the former numbers were undoubtedly equal to the average of them. Mr. Dickinson's portraits of the Master of the Temple and Mr. Bellew are full of expression and capitalily posed: on the whole, for artistic force and originality of treatment, they must be assigned the foremost place. But those of Messrs. Cundall and Down—Dean Close particularly, but Mr. Dale in a scarcely less degree—are very clever and characteristic. The Bishop of London is the best of Mr. Mayall's; that of Archdeacon Bickersteth is injured by the light background. If the others would be the better for a little more artistic knowledge, there is nothing to complain of as to the likenesses.

Mr. Lovell Reeve is following up his *Stereoscopic Cabinet*, by the publication of a *Foreign Stereoscopic Cabinet*, which, like the former, is to appear monthly, and comprise three stereographs in each issue. The first part contains the 'Valley of the Flon, Lausanne,' photographed by Mr. Sisson; the 'Halle, or Trade Hall, Bruges,' by Mr. Moxham; and a 'Sketch of Character at Rouen,' by the late Robert Howlett. Like all the stereographs issued from Mr. Reeve's establishment, they are clearly and carefully printed, and the names of the photographers are sufficient warrant that the scenes have been chosen with judgment, and taken from a good point of view. Artistically, that by Mr. Howlett is the best,—but he had a rare genius for the art, and every photograph of his is precious.

The *Photographic News Almanac* (Cassell, Petter, and Galpin) appears this year without a rival in its specialty; the *Photographic Almanac* having been incorporated with it. Not only is it increased in bulk, but its quality is considerably improved by the amalgamation. It now provides the photographer with a pretty complete year-book of the information he especially stands in need of, along with the seasonable notes everyone requires. As far as we have examined it, it seems correct as well as comprehensive (excepting always the 'photographic annals,' which are strangely meagre); and we commend it to the notice of our photographic friends as a handybook for daily reference.

The Council of the London Art-Union offer a premium of 70 guineas for a group, or statuette, to be executed in bronze or parian, representing some subject from English history. For the design considered second in merit 30 guineas will be awarded. Plaster models, the upright figures 20 inches high, are to be sent in by the 14th of July next.

A series of Thirty Drawings from Turner's Paintings in the national and private collections are now on view at the rooms of Messrs. Leggatt, in Cornhill. They have been made for the Turner engravings in course of publication under the editorship of Mr. R. N. Wornum; and are many of them executed with a degree of skill which is quite surprising, when the extreme difficulty of copying Turner accurately is taken into account. Several of the drawings have been made by the engravers themselves, but the majority are by Messrs. Goodall, F. Piercy, &c. Proofs of the finished engravings are shown along with them. In the same room are hung nearly a hundred of the larger and the smaller-sized photographs, taken by Mr. F. Frith in Egypt and Palestine—very marvels of fidelity, and chosen with rare tact and taste. The exhibition—a free one—is worth a visit.

The statue of the late General Sir Charles Napier, recently erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, on the left of the northern entrance, was uncovered with some ceremony on Saturday last. It is of heroic size, and stands on a pedestal of gray marble. The sculptor is Mr. G. G. Adams, by whom the statue of Napier in Trafalgar Square was also executed. It is undoubtedly an improvement on that somewhat ungainly object, but it will do little to raise the character of English monumental sculpture. The likeness is said to meet the approval of the late General's friends.

There appears to be some probability that Manchester will really have an institution devoted to Art, as a palpable and permanent result of the magnificent Art-Treasures Exhibition of 1857. At a meeting held last week in the Town Hall, for the purpose of presenting a piece of plate to each of the seven members of the executive committee, Mr. T. Fairbairn, the chairman, (to whose exertions the success of the exhibition was very largely due,) in returning thanks, spoke so strongly of the necessity, and so definitely of the character "of an institution to be dedicated to the arts, which shall be worthy of the wealth, importance, and enlightenment of this great city," and of his own readiness to give his "time, money, and whatever influence and energies he may possess to its establishment," that we may, we hope, fairly regard it as something more than a castle in Cloudland. We trust that if the scheme be really set in motion, all local jealousies will be laid aside, and that all the citizens of the Cotton Capital—artists no less than merchants and manufacturers—remembering the success which attended their former grand united effort, will meet on this common ground, and strenuously labour to found an institution such as was indicated in the speech above quoted—an institution comprehensive in principle, central in situation, and free to all; a home where the noblest and the most meritorious works of art may be well seen and conveniently studied, without hindrance, by whoever will. If it be this—or anything like this—we may well believe, with Mr. Fairbairn, that "such an institution will neither lack noble gifts nor public appreciation" in a city like Manchester.

From the announcements already made, it would seem that during the coming season collectors and connoisseurs will have no deficiency of opportunities for increasing their acquisitions. Christie and Manson hold out a very attractive bill of fare for their first course. Of paintings by the old masters, they will submit to the hammer in February the collections of Sir George Staunton and the late Admiral Lysaght, in both of which are some good works. In the beginning of March will follow the pictures, chiefly by the old masters, but including a few by recent French and English painters, belonging to Mr. H. P. Cockburne. Later in the same month will come some collections of English pictures, which cannot fail to excite a good deal of competition. First are those of Mr. G. R. Burnett, including works by Turner, Phillip,

Hook, J. F. Lewis, Collins, &c., with some by Rosa Bonheur, Edouard Frere, and other living French favourites. The collection of Mr. T. Shepherd has one of Turner's more important works; the 'Crossing the Brook' of Creswick and Frith; Leslie's 'Fond Mother,' so well known by the engraving, and various other popular works. Lastly, in this category, the choice collection of Mr. Brunel, the great engineer, will be scattered to the winds. All the pictures which Landseer, Leslie, Stanfield, and their colleagues contributed to render the "Shakespeare Room" so famous will be dispersed, and even the fittings of the gorgeous apartment be knocked down by the inexorable hammer: Mr. Brunel's other pictures, and his choice collection of old pottery, and other objects of ornamental art, will be sold at the same time. Another interesting sale, announced by the same firm, is that of the remaining paintings and sketches of our classic landscape painter, William Linton. This sale will come off on the 29th of March and following days, and we trust the lovers of honest English art will then muster in St. James's Street in sufficient force to cheer the veteran painter's remaining days. In May Messrs. Christie will sell the early Italian pictures of the well-known collector, the late Mr. Samuel Woodburn, and with them the drawings reserved by him at the sale of the Lawrence collection of drawings, among which are some fine specimens by Michel Angelo, and Raffaele.

Of articles of ornamental art, Messrs. Christie's principal sale is the celebrated Technological Museum of Vienna, which was commenced by the emperor Maximilian I., and completed by his grandson Rudolph II., but sold entire in 1782 to Chevalier von Schönburg, and has ever since formed a leading attraction of the Austrian capital. It comprises rare ivory carvings, attributed to Michel Angelo, Albert Dürer, Fiammingo, &c.; Majolica and Palissy ware, and all the other thousand-and-one rare and beautiful objects proper to such a collection. The sale will begin March 12th, and occupy ten days. Before this all the other sales of the season of a similar class must pale; but for one class of *virtuosi* that of the ancient Chinese and Japanese porcelain collected by Mr. R. Fortune will no doubt prove a great attraction.

Early in the spring, the pictures, drawings, and sketches of C. R. Leslie, works of exquisite fancy and refined taste, will be sold by Messrs. Foster; and with them the small but choice collection of paintings and sketches, chiefly by his contemporaries; water-colour drawings by Cozens, Girtin, &c.; and a large collection of engravings from the works of Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Constable, &c.

Finally, we may note that Messrs. Southgate and Barrett will sell, on the 28th of the present month, the drawings remaining in the possession of Mr. Joseph Nash, of the Old Water Colour Society, but better known perhaps by his large work 'The Mansions of England,' who, since his long illness, has been suffered to drop to a considerable extent out of the popular memory.

The French Académie des Beaux-Arts at its last sitting elected six corresponding members to supply the vacancies left by the deaths of Mr. Pistrucci, the medallist of the Mint, London; M. Taurel, engraver, professor in the Royal Academy, Amsterdam; Dr. Spohr, the composer, Cassel; and Herr Wichmann, sculptor, Berlin; the election of M. Kastner as *académicien libre*; and the resignation of M. Campana, of Rome. The newly elected "correspondants" are, MM. Madrazo, painter to the Queen of Spain, Madrid; Mussini, painter, professor in the Academy of Sienna; Cloot, sculptor, professor in the Imperial Academy, St. Petersburg; Joseph Keller, engraver, professor in the Royal Academy, Düsseldorf; Verdi, the popular composer; and Cinti, perpetual secretary of the Royal Academy of the Fine Arts at Naples. As will be noticed, no Englishman figures among the newly elect, though one Englishman (English, at least, by

adoption) was among the deceased. British art is little understood or little valued in Paris. The name of only a single Englishman—that of Mr. Cockerell—occurs in the list of "Foreign Academicians."

The German Historical Art-Union, a society founded for the encouragement of historical painting, by giving commissions for works on a large scale to be painted from sketches prepared for the annual meetings of the society, has held its second yearly meeting at Brunswick. The sketch which received the coveted award on this occasion was, 'The Banquet of Wallenstein at the Castle of Pilsen, in 1634,' by Herr Julius Scholz, who has been directed to paint a picture from it at the price of 2000 thalers. Two other sketches were purchased by the society—'The Martyrdom of St. Stephen,' by Professor Hübner, of Dresden; and 'St. Boniface, the Apostle of the Germans,' by Professor Sohn, of Düsseldorf. This is a phase of German art-patronage worth taking note of.

The Mozart Memorial at Vienna has been formally inaugurated. It consists of a statue of the great composer, with emblematical figures grouped around. On foliage which a Muse holds in her left hand are inscribed the titles of Mozart's principal works; and on the memorial itself are engraved appropriate inscriptions: four carved candelabra form part of the memorial. The sculptor was Herr Gassier.

EXHIBITION OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

—It has been said that the most impartial critics are those who avoid prejudicing their minds by reading the books they undertake to review; and without intending to imitate such an example, we must say a few words on the above exhibition, after a very imperfect attempt to see the various objects in a dense crowd of admiring visitors. We managed to discern enough to know that the average character of the photographs is exceedingly good, and that many possessed a very high degree of excellence. We were struck with a great improvement in the lights and shadows, which exhibit gradations that were formerly rare or unknown in this branch of art. There is also evidence of care and judgment in selecting good points of view, and obtaining foregrounds adapted to the peculiarities of the process. M. Roger Fenton, as usual, bears off the palm for his admirable landscapes, but he has powerful rivals, who have profited by his example; and although we might indicate some excellent portraits by well-known artists, we think the landscapes exhibit the highest merit, and deserve our first attention. Taking them as they stand in the catalogue, No. 16, a panoramic view of the summits of Mont Blanc, by Bisson Frères, will at once strike the beholder, from its remarkable rock outlines, and the contrast of the grand masses with the patches of snow. No. 23 is a very charming bit of nature, photographically interpreted. It is called the 'Valley of the Wharfe, Early morning,' and is a proof of the skill and artistic taste of Mr. Lyndon Smith. In the foreground is a fine mass of foliage, and the distance is admirably rendered. No. 47, by the same artist, is a 'Study of the Valley of Desolation—a tributary of the Wharfe.' We will not stop to inquire how a valley can be a tributary of the river, but go on to observe that this is one of the gems of the Exhibition. A dark arm of a tree stretches across the water, and is not only in itself a picturesque object, but it gives effect to the tones of the middle ground and the distance. There is an aerial perspective about this view, and a nice gradation of lights and shadows, that prove how rapidly the function of the photographer is coalescing with that of the artist. A little further on in the catalogue, we find the name of Roger Fenton of constant occurrence; and it is impossible to wish one picture away, or to avoid going again and again to some of the most striking. No. 130, 'The Red Deep River Ribble,' cannot fail to attract the eye from its mass of bright water, too white perhaps for truth, but cleverly relieved by the trees in the foreground, which

exhibit great judgment in selecting the point of view. No 136, also by Mr. Fenton, presents a curious illustration of the tricks, if we may so speak, which photography plays with nature; the waterfall rushing down to a black depth is suggestive, but far from being a parallel of natural effect. There are many others in this series of Mr. Fenton's that merit notice, but we pass on and come to 155, 'The Wheat Field,' by Henry White, which is a very striking production. The foliage of the trees is remarkable for clearness of outline, and the way the light seems to sparkle among the branches, while the wheatsheaves below them are rendered with delicacy and fidelity. No. 161, by the same artist, the 'Road up the Common,' gives the sense of freshness and distance which such a scene usually affords. No. 181—Mr. Maxwell Lyte deserves praise for a fine picture, 'Passages in Spain.' No. 216, 'Views in Wales,' by Francis Bedford, exhibit merit. No. 304 is an admirable specimen of Roger Fenton, 'The Altar of the Sodality Chapel, Stoneyhurst.' The tints are rich and soft, without detriment to the clearness of the sculptured outlines, and there is a sense of atmosphere such as we feel in ecclesiastical structures, and which artists so often fail to give. No. 309, by Mr. Lyndon Smith, is a bold rough rendering of the 'Approach to Bolton Abbey,' singularly like a dashing pencil sketch. No. 338 is a coloured specimen of the 'Cartoon—Paul preaching at Athens,' by Mr. C. Thurston Thompson, which has fine properties, but we prefer the photograph in its natural state. No. 422 is an exquisite reproduction of an old house overgrown with plants, 'Puckpool, Isle of Wight' and the next, a fine view of Ludlow Castle, both by Mr. J. Spode. We may have another opportunity of doing justice to pieces which we have been obliged to omit in this notice, but we have said enough to prove the collection is well worth a visit, and we may add the prices of most of the pieces appear very reasonable.

To the Editor of the LITERARY GAZETTE.

SIR,—No. 9913 of the French Manuscripts in the Imperial Library here is a small folio volume, handsomely bound in red morocco, once the property of Louis XIV., lettered "Journal de 1557 à 1590," and is, at first sight only, a Diary, in French, of the public events of France for the period specified, or perhaps a narrative from memory, and from documents, compiled subsequently.

Turning to the end of this volume the other day, I was surprised to find, thus strangely hidden, an English Common-Place Book, in which its first owner has set down various epitaphs upon illustrious personages, copied from the originals at Old St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and elsewhere, and sometimes from books: these epitaphs being in Latin, and intermingled with extracts from Suetonius and the poets.

A second owner of the volume has inserted various epitaphs of his own composition—evidently his own from the nature of the alterations—while a third hand has contributed others of a humorous nature. The handwriting of the two last-mentioned personages is of the time of James I., but probably some of the entries are as late as the reign of King Charles I. I subjoin, in chronological order, a few of those which have a historic interest, or are otherwise worthy of preservation, and which have not hitherto, as I believe, attained to the dignity of print. I am, &c.,

Paris, Nov. 14, 1859. M.

OF THE LATE EARLE OF ESSEX, BEHEADED IN THE TOWER.
There sleeps great Essex, darling of mankind,
Fayre honour's lamp, spile ev'ry pray, art's fame,
Nature's pride, virtue's bulwark, lure of mind,
Wisdom's flower, valour's tower, fortune's shame,
England's dame, Belgium's light, France's star, Spaine's thunder,
Lisbon's lightning, Ireland's cloud, the whole world's wonder.

Againe.

The wales on earth have pathes and turnings knowne,
The wales on sea are gone by needle's light;

The birdes in the ayre the nearest waye have flowne,
And under earth the moles doe cast aright.
A way more hard than these I needes must take,
Where none can teach, nor noe man can direct,
Where noe man's good for mee example makes,
But all men's faults doe teach her to suspect,
Her thoughts and mine such disproportion have.
All strength of love is infinite in mee;
She useth the advantage time and fortune gave,
Of worth and power to gett the liberty.
Earth, sea, heaven, hell, are subject unto lawes:
But I must suffer, and can know no cause.

AN EPITAPH UPON A BROKER.

He was a broker of Long Lane,
Who by pickt harth and hous dirt got infinite gain.
The pirates of Wapping were likewise his friends,
Bequeathing their cloths to him at their ends.
Oh hard hearted death, more cruell than any,
That would not be moved at the suits of so many.

EPITAPH OF EDMUND SPENSER, YE POET.

I live ever Spenser in thy Faery Queen,
Thy like for quaint conceit had seldom been;
Crown'd may it thou be unto thy more renown,
The King of poets with a golden crown.

EPITAPH OF THOMAS NASH, THE POET.

Here lyeth Tom Nash, that notable taylor,
Who living never paid shoemaker nor taylor.

EPITAPH OF N. DOBSON.

Here lyeth Dobson all covered in mould,
Who never gave penny to have his head polled,
Saying it was an uncharitable device,
To grub up the hair and to stave all the lice.

EPITAPH.

Cujusdam Askew Lincolnensis, factum per forum quendam suum. Retulit Richard Topcliff.

Here lyeth of the world an ass very true,
For of worldly wealth he recked not a queue.

EPITAPH. D. CHRISTOPHER. HATTON.

Here hee lyeth in gold, not in brass,
Who seemeth now a man and a half;
And here he stands, a golden ass,
That when he lived was but a calf.

EPITAPH. ROB. COMITIS LEICESTRIE.

Here lyeth the gallant courtier that never kept his woorde,
Here lyeth the valiant souldier that never drew his sword,
Here lyeth the great Seneschall that ere while ruled the state,
Here lyeth the politician whom heaven and earth did hate.

EPITAPH.

Joannis Chidley qui emit speculum de 100 lib. quod daret Elizabethæ Throckmorton.

Here lyeth Chidley, y^e idle headed ass,
That sold his lands to buy a looking glass.
W. RALEGH.

EPITAPH. WALTERI RALEGH.

Here lyeth Walter Ralegh, that arrant villain,
That would sell any friend he had for a shilling.
JO. CHIDLEY.

EPITAPH. ARTHUR GORGES.

Here lyeth Arthur Gorges, that goggle eyed Jack,
That never spake well of any man behind his back.

EPITAPH. DNE. CHARITAS HO. ET CAROLI HO. MARITI SUI.

Here lyeth Dame Charity and her husband by her,
Who while he lived was a monstrous lyer.

EPITAPH. THOME WALS.

Here lyeth Tho. Wals, who spent all his dayes
In taverns, and bordells, and seeing of playes.

EPITAPH. SYLVANI SCORY.

Here lyeth Sylvanus, a fellow very odd,
Whose kitch'n was his chapel, his belly his God.

EPITAPH. JOANNIS HOW ET EDWARDI WYMARK.

Of John How and of Ned Wymark pray for ye soules,
The one the verger was, the other the pasquill of Poules.

EPITAPH.

D. Philippi Sydney et D. Francis Walsingham. Retulit D. Georgius Carew nunc Baro Carew.

Philip and Francis can have no tombe,
Because great Curstor has filled up the roome.

De Dno. Antonio Denny per Henricum comitem Surrey.

Death and the King did mutually contend
Whether of them should Denny most befriend;
The King gave wealth and honour but unsure,
But Death brought life which ever shall endure.

AN EPITAPH

Made upon the Countesse of Pembroke, sister to the Marg. Dorset, by — Brcton, brother to the late Vic. Montague and servant to the said Marquis.

O cruel Atropos what dost thou mean
To leave my Ld. Marquis sisterless clean?
Now she is dead, and layd in her grave,
Her husband shall never see another wife have.
Now she is dead, and layd in the ground,
My Ld. Marquis had rather have spent 300 pound.

EPITAPH UPON DR. HUGH AP RICE.

Hugh ap Rhee's,
Who built a college,
To Sheu Chreese,
For all Welch gese,
That wear white friese.

And brede gray leece
And eat tosted cheese.
Here he leese
Hugh Apreece.

EPITAPH. D. EDW. STANHOPE.

Here lyeth he which did nothing for nothing in all his tyme,
And therefore now I look for nothing of him for my ryme.

Epit. Franc. Wals. sub nomine Menalce pastoris perversi.

Here lyeth Menalce as dead as a log,
Who lived like a devil and died like a dog;
Here doth he ly, said I, then did I ly,
For from this place he parted by and bye;
But here he made his descent into hell,
Without either book, or candle, or bell.

THE VERSES OF KING JAMES UPON THE DEATH OF HIS QUEEN.

Thee to invite the great God sent this starr,
Whose frends and nearest kin great princes are;
For though they run the race of men and die,
Death seemes but to refine their majesty.
So did the Queene from hence her court remove,
And left the earth to be enthroned above;
Then shee is changed and dead, no good prince dyes,
But like the day sun only settis to rise.

EPITAPH.

Chaloneri Dublini in Hibern. per seipsum.

It is not for pride I ly so high,
Nor yet to please the curious lookers on.
Sir, for my part I care not where I ly,
So I be out of the way for stumbling on.

EPITAPH OF MRS. MARGARET RATCLIFF.

Margaret lyeth here (Lord have mercy upon her)
Who living was one of the Queen's mayds of honor.
She was young, tall, slender, and witty,
And dyed unmarried, the more was the pity.

EPITAPH UPON AN USURER.

Ten in the hundred is in the ground fast cram'd,
'Tis a hundred to ten but his soule is dam'd.

Epitaphium Richardi Bancroft, Archiepiscopi Cantuariensis.

Here lieth the Archbishop that came in at the window,
That is to say by spiritual larges;
And going hence passed out at a window,
As it is said, to save funeral charges.

EPITAPH UPON DR. BENTLY.

Passenger tread gently,
For here lyeth Docteur Bently.

EPITAPH OF N. HOWLET.

Here lyeth rich Howlet, a gent of noate,
For he gave three howletts to his coat;
He purchased this roome of St. Pauls,
And he was lecherous, and now you know all.

AN EPITAPH UPON A COBBLER.

Wonder not much though death in doubt did stand,
He found him always on ye mending hand.
Yet by misfortune and by change of weather,
Death ript the soale quit from the upper leather.

AN EPITAPH

Of a Coll. in Cambridge, who going to market, with a fall looke his death.

John Cook went to market to buy some eeles,
Death came behind him and strook up his heels.

P.S. There are many other epitaphs which might have been quoted, but they are in Latin, and some which will not bear quotation for other reasons. There is one "Upon Ellis, that set up the forms at Paul's Cross," by "Mr. John Davis," of the Middle Temple; another "Of Mr. Caven-dish, ye famous seaman, and it may suit as well for Sir Francis Drake"; a third "Of Sir Horace Pallavicino, that robbed the Pope;" and a fourth, with which I will finish my extracts,
OF DR. STONY, EXECUTED.

Qui male pavit oves, nunc bene pascit aves.

M.

THE MAGAZINES.

Kingston's Magazine shows a very praiseworthy attempt to make a boy a good skater, a good slider, a good conjurer, a very (Edipus in the guessing of riddles, a hero and a Christian, if not a philologer, for we tremble to think of the possible fate of that school-boy, who should, upon Mr. Kingston's authority, pronounce "pagan," to be a noun substantive, to mean "a village," and to be derived, shade of Döderlein! from πᾶγος.

Church of England Monthly Review has much to say in favour of "deaconesses," though depreciating anything like seclusive communities; it contains a paper which ranks Mr. Ruskin, in the character of "art-philosopher," with Plato, Aristotle, and Bacon; and it presents us with an essay upon that inexhaustible subject, Dr. Samuel Johnson. May we ask the writer of this, how much "scarcely nothing" is? About as much probably as "almost something," and equally incomprehensible.

The Homist holds opinions upon the retention

of unnoticed books which incite us to give speedy proof of "strictly honourable intentions;" we have, as carefully as time would allow, examined its pages, and would particularly recommend for perusal, the extract attributed to Mr. Robertson, of Brighton.

The *Eclectic* contains much interesting matter, and Mr. Mechi may perhaps bear with more equanimity a careless generation's wilful wasting of their sewage, when he learns, upon Mr. Hargreaves' authority, that "the soil has not deteriorated in its produce."

The *London Review* offers many attractive papers: it honours the Protestant Zadkiel—Dr. Cumming—with a long notice, which will conduce to that gentleman's further notoriety, if not fame.

Chambers' Encyclopædia continues to supply "Universal Knowledge," carefully and neatly compiled at the ridiculously small price of 7d. a part: Messrs. Chambers must surely be adepts in alchemy.

Dictionary of Political Economy: Part III. Rightly is this work named Biographical, Bibliographical, Historical and Practical; the reader will find men, books, and erises ably discussed; and withal much practical information; about Bills of Exchange, Bank Notes, and "immaterial capital" he will learn a great deal.

The *Post Magazine Almanac* costs only sixpence, and contains information for which Avarus himself might ungrudgingly pay double the money.

The *Edinburgh Veterinary Review* bids fair to remove from the "profession" the stigma which a contributor supposes to rest upon it, of having "a poor literature."

The *Pharmaceutical Journal* concerns, of course, more particularly the brotherhood of chemists, but there is in it that which will interest the general reader.

The *Englishwoman's Journal* contains a paper by Doctor (could not a lady be called Doctrix?) Elizabeth Blackwell, which we have no doubt offers excellent advice, but so overpowered are we by the idea of measuring semivirous beings by the laws which are usually applied to those who were originally created male and female, that we hardly dare speak decidedly; it is so difficult to disconnect the words Physiology, Materia Medica, Surgery, Pathology, &c., from another, which it is not polite to mention, except when speaking of sieges. However, we may perhaps ask the fair editors, if it is not a reflection upon either themselves or the reader to say "We wish, oh dear reader, all festing apart, That mercy and love may grow strong in your heart:" and if it is not a bold use of language, to hope to see a single person "with common accord, Gathered into one fold in the fear of the Lord?"

The *Dublin University Calendar and Examination Papers* form two very neat little volumes.

The *Family Economist* exerts itself to deserve the name of *Entertaining Companion*: judging by its portraits, the "Women of the Bible" must have been uncommonly well-favoured.

The *Journal of Mental Science* has some very opportune papers.

Ure's *Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines* has advanced to letter C, and treats of the interesting subject of Calico-printing.

THE DRAMA.

THE theatres have been, as is usual at this time of the year, spinning steadily on in the first triumphant success of their pantomimes. Of these, perhaps the funniest, we use the word best understood by our juvenile friends, is that at the Princess's; the most gorgeous and best written at Drury-lane. Managers always find that these expensive productions, expensive in scenery, dresses, decorations, machinery, and a dozen other things, pay, and pay well, not because of their literary attraction, but because they are well produced, and people like to see show and glitter. Why do they not take the hint, and when they produce Shakespeare or the legitimate drama,

dress it and decorate it as they would a pantomime. They would find the gain just as Mr. Charles Kean has found it, who owes his popularity and present position surely not so much to his genius as to his revivals and upholstery.

Mr. John Saunders, formerly editor of the *People's Journal*, has a new play accepted, and about to be produced at the New Adelphi Theatre.

Mr. Parselle, an actor of some promise, has a play which will shortly be brought out at the Surrey Theatre, at which it was read last Wednesday week. We hope that Mr. Parselle will show more genius than his brother actor-scribes, Macklin being almost the only actor, unless we count Shakespeare and Jonson, who was thoroughly successful as a dramatist.

VICTOR COUSIN.—*La Société Française, au XVII^e Siècle*, d'après le *Cyrus* de Mlle. de Scudéry, 2 vols. in-8°; *Jacqueline Pascal*, 3^e édit. revue et augm., avec un fac-simile, 1 vol. in-8°; *La Jeunesse de Madame de Longueville*, 4^e édit., 2 portraits, 1 vol. in-8°; *Madame de Longueville pendant la Fronde*, 1 vol. in-8°; *Madame de Sablé*, 2^e édit., 1 vol. in-8°; *Madame de Chevreuse*, avec portrait, 1 vol. in-8°; *Madame de Hauteville*, avec portrait, 1 vol. in-8°; *Études sur Pascal*, 5^e édit., 1 vol. in-8°. (Paris: Didier.)

M. COUSIN'S literary career may be divided into two distinct parts. First, we have the philosopher, driving away from the Sorbonne the last vestiges of sensationalism, translating Plato, editing Proclus, lecturing on Kant, Locke, Descartes, hoisting up on high the banner of eclectic metaphysics. At a later period, our *savant* undergoes a complete transformation; he abandons the abstruse discussions respecting the *me* and the *nonne* for the more pleasant parts of literature properly so called; instead of analysing the *Novum Organum* or the Nicomachean ethics, he studies the French *salons* of the seventeenth century, and transfers his ardent affections from grave and solemn-looking sages to the frail beauties who graced two hundred years ago the galleries of Versailles and the ante-rooms of the Louvre. It is not under the former of these aspects that we wish to-day to consider M. Cousin; the time, besides, has not yet come to assign him his distinct place amongst the masters of modern thought; on the other hand, materials ample enough are accumulated around us to form the elements of a correct appreciation of his powers as a writer and an historian; and we feel pretty sure that any other works which may proceed from his pen, any further contributions to the brilliant series of historical portraits, which he has so successfully begun, will only serve to confirm the few remarks we propose offering to our readers on the present occasion.

M. Cousin's sagacity as a hunter of *analecta curiosa* is very well known, and it is that which led him in the first instance to fill the singular post of biographer in ordinary to Madame de Longueville, Madame de Chevreuse, and all the other damsels who lived between the death of Henry IV. and the quasi accession of *la veuve Scarron* to the throne of France. Nor let any one laugh at our idea, that an explorer of MSS. must be possessed of sagacity and discrimination. We do not mean that critical quality which enables a man to pronounce upon the authenticity of a worm-eaten parchment, and to decide whether, for instance, the famous MSS. of St. Simonides are genuine or not: we mean that discrimination whereby a *littérateur* of taste and experience will see at once, out of a batch of correspondence and other papers equally authentic, equally genuine, what should, and what should not be given to the public. Since M. Cousin has begun to turn upside down the collections of the various libraries in Paris, tribes of explorers have rushed in his footsteps, copying here and there, and thinking that the most insignificant scrap of paper deserves the honours of the press, if it only bears the signature of Colbert or Racine. This is the exaggeration of curiosity, and the examples of many dull and tedious volumes

of autobiographies and correspondences which we could easily name ought to have stopped, or at least tempered, the zeal of those who, not having talent or industry enough to write an original work, spend their time in deciphering the long-forgotten *billets-doux* which were swept away, under the reign of Louis le Grand, from some fashionable boudoir in the Place Royale.

Enthusiastic as he is, M. Cousin does not go quite so far; and he was certainly most fortunate in securing, as the earliest subject of his literary investigation, the papers, we may call them the hieroglyphics, of Blaise Pascal. The volume which bears the title *Études sur Pascal* is the result of this important discovery. It contains, among other valuable pieces, the famous *Rapport à l'Académie Française*, which created, when it first appeared, such extraordinary sensation. The quarrel between the Jesuits and the University of France was then at its height; Messrs. Michelet, Quinet, Génin on the one side, and the ultramontane clergy on the other, had begun the contest with the evident determination of carrying it on to its utmost consequences, when the name of Pascal resounded once more on the battle-field, claimed equally by sceptics and believers, by the disciples of Voltaire and the disciples of Christ, invoked by both against the descendants of those whom the terrible Louis de Montalte had formerly crushed in the *Lettres Provinciales*. The publication of the *Rapport sur les Pensées de Pascal* gave rise to a whole library of reviews, pamphlets, critiques, and reprints. It led M. Cousin very naturally to further researches; and the beautiful monography of Jacqueline, the accomplished sister of the great Port Royalist thinker, soon followed. Here we are introduced to the brilliant society of the early part of the seventeenth century in France; with the Pascal family were connected Madame de Sablé and Madame de Longueville. The name of this last-mentioned *Frondeuse* is almost inseparable from that of Scudéry. Madame de Hauteville and Madame de Chevreuse belonged also to the same coterie. Hence a series of volumes which, when finished, will certainly form a most valuable contribution to the political, social, and literary history of France, as we have said, from the administration of Cardinal Richelieu down to the death of Cardinal Mazarin.

M. Cousin can with all fairness lay claim to the merit of having clearly proved the absurdity and falseness of the expression so long paraded about—*Le siècle de Louis XIV.* Never was there so utterly common a label pinned to the reign of a king, although Voltaire sanctioned it, and made it current through the medium of his amusing book. Let the reader endeavour to compose a medley-pleiad, by associating together Jeffreys and Sir Matthew Hale, Bunyan and John Dryden, Lady Rachel Russell and the Duchess of Portsmouth, Baxter and Sir Roger Lestrang, placing in the centre his most sacred majesty, and call this *Le siècle de Charles II.*; and he will have obtained a result only a trifle less absurd than that which springs from the stupidity of representing, as one harmonious whole, the Jansenists and the Jesuits, the *Société du Temple* and the Hôtel de Rambouillet, Chaulieu and Boileau, Racine and Corneille. There is no such thing as an *age of Louis XIV.*, M. Cousin has made that quite evident; and we must henceforth class amongst fanciful myths that legend, as M. Monnier aptly calls it, in which we see "réunis dans un même temps, et comme n'ayant qu'un même esprit, Corneille, Racine, Bossuet, Fénelon, Descartes, Daguesseau, Condé, Turenne, Catinat, Vauban, et au-dessus l'image de Louis XIV., planant, radieuse comme dans une apothéose, et distribuant palmes, couronnes, génie, à tant de poètes et d'orateurs, à tant de politiques et de guerriers."

If the reader will turn to the beautiful introduction which M. Cousin has prefixed to his work on Jacqueline Pascal, he will find rapidly, but clearly sketched out the new literary and historical programme of the seventeenth century in France. Away with the vulgar, erroneous, common-place notions about the *siècle de Louis XIV.*; we must now talk of the *siècle de la Reine*

Anne, including all the masculine and vigorous geniuses, who in every branch of literature, science, and art, in the mysteries of state-craft and the turmoil of war, established and consolidated the true greatness of France; then we come to the *siècle de Madame de Maintenon*, that is to say, the age of method, of regularity, of what the French call *bon goût*, substituted in the place of spontaneity, originality, and true power. With this second epoch M. Cousin has no sympathy; he reserves all his admiration, all his enthusiasm for the former. Like Madame de Sévigné, he is inclined to say, "*Racine passera comme le café*," his heroes and heroines are those who have not felt the fatal influence of a despotic government, under which all the classes of society are brought down to the same dead level.

An essential quality in a writer is, that he should thoroughly become identified with the times and characters about which he discourses. Now we question whether any one has so completely realised that desideratum as M. Cousin. He seems to have lived between 1620 and 1650; he knows the Hôtel de Rambouillet better than Julie d'Angennes ever did herself; he can tell you the names of all the *précieuses* and *précieuses* who tenanted the mansions of the Place Royale; he has been present at the Saturday *réunions* of Mademoiselle de Scudéry; he is thoroughly acquainted with the *carte du Tendre*, and can describe minutely all the originals who sat for their portraits to Mignard or Philippe de Champagne. This accuracy, this faithfulness, imparts to M. Cousin's works a distinctness, a lucidity, perfectly charming. His delineations of character have all the colouring and bold outline of true pictures. They are master-pieces of alto-relievo; when you read them you can almost fancy that you are walking through the portrait-galleries of Versailles, or examining the collection of historical prints kept at the Imperial library. Some passages from M. Cousin's volume read like the impressions of a man who has walked the earth two hundred years ago, and returned to the subliminary world for the purpose of telling us all about the ladies of whom he used to be the *canavere servante*; one would fancy that he has actually paid his addresses to Madame de Longueville, and had for a rival the Duke de la Rochefoucauld. Carried along by his enthusiasm, he then selects the most brilliant colours, takes up his choicest pencil, and draws of the *dame de ses pensées* a portrait in which the exuberance of description is carried to the most extraordinary particulars. Harpagon's well-known *à parte* remark, "*Il en parle comme un amant de sa maîtresse*," ought to be the motto of the volume entitled *La Jeunesse de Madame de Longueville*.

M. Cousin's predilection could not fail to excite the hilarity of some critics, and M. Sainte-Beuve, amongst others, has made it the subject of a few remarks, which are occasionally perfectly just; but if we are prepared to endorse the strictures contained in the *Causeries du Lundi*, we must protest strongly against the uncourteous, unfair, and spiteful manner with which the author of *Port Royal* has treated, in his preface to M. Jannet's edition of La Rochefoucauld, a writer who, to say the very least, is his equal as far as talent goes.

Sneering and indifference have lately become so fashionable, and the generality of Frenchmen are so inclined to shrug up their shoulders at every thing savouring of enthusiasm and admiration, that M. Cousin, with his juvenile ardour, his poetry and his imagination, seems to us thoroughly delightful; it is a treat to find a literary veteran, now nearly seventy years old, displaying in his writings all the intensity of true passion, when the young generation, the *vieillards nés d'hier*, as Alfred de Musset calls them, reserve their zeal and energy for the combinations of the roulette table.

On the other hand, we must also confess that M. Cousin is often prejudiced and one-sided. The delineations he gives us of his favourite characters are all sunshine; he will not allow, for instance, the Prince de Condé to have been any-

thing else but that pattern of virtue, of genius, and of morality celebrated by Bossuet in the well-known funeral oration. Is this true? With all the evidence now before us, which contemporary memoirs have brought together, must we admit unreservedly the biographer's panegyric? Certainly not. We are told, it is true, that we should not trust contemporary memoirs; Tallemant des Réaux is described as "*le caricaturier du XVII^e siècle, qui recherche avec passion et ramasse avec complaisance les bavardages du plus bas étage pour en salir les renommées les plus pures ou les plus dignes d'indulgence; qui partout où il entrevoit quelque faiblesse, imagine une bassesse ou une ordure*." But Tallemant des Réaux is not the only one who remarks on the frailties and vices of all M. Cousin's heroes; and if we admit the strictures of our writer, we must throw into the fire as absolutely untrustworthy all the memoir-literature of the seventeenth century.

Perfect impartiality is, we are afraid, an Utopian idea; it is peculiarly incompatible, we think, with the nature of M. Cousin's genius. Strong affections are so liable to blind us, and to make us, in spite of ourselves, lean too much on one side or on the other. Despite this failing, we believe that the series of biographical works published by M. Cousin will keep their position amongst the standard productions of modern French literature. On many points, as we have previously shown, these volumes will help to correct errors still generally received about the history of the reigns of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV., and the numerous documents, hitherto unpublished, which the learned author has collected and introduced, not unfrequently assist in attenuating and modifying some of the statements which have found admission in the text.

RICHELIEU, KING CHARLES I., AND HIS QUEEN.

WE now conclude our account of this interesting collection of letters.

Mons. de Blainville to Louis XIII. A long letter, which his Majesty will receive as a simple narrative, without passion or design to interpret things disagreeably if it can be helped, detailing the conduct of the Duke of Buckingham, whose interests are the springs upon which the affairs of England move, being in peril as he is with the Parliament; whose actions are swayed by two opposite thoughts which constantly agitate his mind; one, the wish to create divisions between his master and the King of France (various matters being mentioned as indicating this, such as the affairs of Soubise and others), and the other being an affected indifference to France, evidenced by his constant proclamation of the power of England, the sending out of the fleet, and his intimate relations with the Dutch and with the Kings of Denmark and Sweden, so that he hopes that his Majesty the King of France must finally have recourse to him to make the league, and that then he will be able very easily to impress on the minds of the English Puritans that it has been in uniting all Christian princes against the grandeur of Spain, whence has proceeded the excessive expenses of the fleet, and not that he has made profit of it as is alleged. 1625, October 25.

Mons. de Blainville to Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs. The courier has just arrived with the King's letters of Sept. 23, and if others come not more quickly, the execution of the King's orders will be imperilled to save a little money, and this in a juncture most delicate, caused by Buckingham's ill-will and the King's contempt. I conjure you to take care that we are not deceived, for everything is regularly communicated to the English Court; I beg to be advised secretly of the design against Rochelle, but you will take care that no one else knows it except the King, the Queen Mother, and the Cardinal. 1625, October 27.

Count de Tillières to Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs. In reply to our expression of the King's and the Queen Mother's wish that I should give up the right of my office so as to leave the authority in the hands of the Queen of England, lest an Englishman be appointed to the charge, I assure you that I am resolved to let things go as they will, for I hold the office only to serve their Majesties and the Queen my mistress. 1625, October 28, Salisbury.

Charles I. to Louis XIII. I could not, for the affection between us and mutual good intelligence, but inform your Majesty of the arrival in this kingdom of Monsieur de Soubise. I had given orders to my agent Lorkin to communicate that and other important matters to your Majesty, but now, hearing that Lorkin had left to come to England six weeks since, I send another messenger, the Sieur de Vic, express, to represent the matter to your Majesty. 1625, October 16, Salisbury.

Secretary Conway to Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs. There being nothing more dear to the King, my good master, than the preservation of the good relations between him and his very dear brother the King of France, upon the arrival of Mons. de Soubise in these parts, his Majesty commanded me to write to his agent at the Court of France, Monsieur Lorkin, to beg his good brother to send back the "Avant Guard," and the rest of the English ships which he had in his hands, as he did. Having learned since that Lorkin had left Dieppe more than a month, and having heard nothing

of him, his Majesty has commanded me now to send another express messenger for answer to that which I will communicate to you. 1625, October 18, Salisbury.

"Memoir" delivered by the Sieur de Vic, on the part of the King of England, to the King of France. Detailing the arrival at Plymouth of Monsieur de Soubise after the defeat of his army, and of his appeal to the King of England for protection and for an audience. Requesting the release of the persons of the reformed religion who are prisoners in the Conciergerie du Palais, and begging the King of France to send back the "Avant Guard," and the rest of the King of England's ships. [1625, October.]

Louis XIII. to Charles I. A letter of compliment referring a certain matter of business to the ambassador extraordinary the Sieur de Blainville. 1625, Nov. 8.

Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs to Secretary Conway. Nothing in the world is dearer to the King than the affection and good feeling between him and the King of Great Britain. The ambassador, M. de Blainville, will communicate on the subject of the matters committed to the Sieur de Vic. 1625, Nov. 8.

Louis XIII. to Mons. de Blainville. Has received requests by the Sieur de Vic on the part of the King of England, that he, the King of France, would return certain ships lent him, that he would grant peace to his subjects of the pretended reformed religion, now he has conquered them, and set free certain prisoners of the same profession in custody at Paris. Desires him to thank the King for his conduct to M. de Soubise, to tell him that the service of his ships are still necessary, and that his loan of them is most gratefully appreciated, and in reply to his request for the liberation of certain prisoners of the reformed religion, to enjoin him to show favour to the Catholics of England. 1625, Nov. 8.

Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs to the Bishop of Mande. Reasons for which the household of the Queen of England cannot be increased without consent of the King of France. The regulations made on the subject. The King of France's complaint about the treatment of the Catholics in England. Blainville's instructions to prevent the journey of Buckingham to Holland. Buckingham's ill affection to France. His bad humour. Gordon's speech to him. Resolution not yet come to about Rochelle. The Cardinal's resolution to speak in high terms about the officers of the Queen of England's household. Blainville to demand the restitution of the ships taken by Mons. de Soubise. 1625, Nov. 5, St. Germain.

Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs to Mons. de Blainville. I will watch on this side as you must do there. The affair being a mutual one, I think myself glorious to be hated by the English. I think the ruin of the Rochellers is resolved on, and that the clergy of France will contribute five hundred thousand crowns towards it. 1625, Nov. 8.

Louis XIII. to Mons. de Blainville. He is to insist on the performance of the conditions about the appointment of officers to the Queen's household, for it was agreed thus with the Pope, to obtain his dispensation for the marriage, that those who were appointed should be Catholics, French or English. He must let the King of England and the Duke of Buckingham know that the King of France cannot esteem his friendship of so small account to them; that he himself desires to preserve it, but that this cannot be, if they proceed to such extremity as to appoint Protestants or Puritans to the Queen's household. He is to express surprise at the non-restoration of the "St. John," and to take certain measures in respect of Buckingham's determination to go to Holland, and his endeavours to deceive the King of France by his present conduct. Likewise he is instructed not to communicate with the King of England's secretary, nor with a man of such low condition as Gordon. 1625, Nov. 8, St. Germain.

Mons. de Blainville to Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs. Evident intention of the English to sow discord between the Dutch and France. A long interview with the ambassador from Holland resident there. His opinion of Buckingham's meaning in respect of his ostensible journey to Holland. Complaints of his (Blainville's) rudeness. A device to force him to demand to take leave, by not lodging him in the King's house at Hampton Court, but sending him four miles off. 1625, Oct. 30, Salisbury.

Mons. de Blainville to Louis XIII. Artifice and rudeness on the part of those who have the management of affairs have prevented my object in respect of the prevention of Buckingham's journey, and I see no change in their intentions as regards the Catholics, the Queen's household, or the demand of the vessel. The Duke's journey is evidently a matter of temper. My own liberty of speech there has excited great ill-will, and I am daily threatened that I shall be disowned as ambassador when they choose. 1625, October 30, Salisbury.

Mons. de Blainville to Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs. My couriers have been detained, of which I will complain before all Europe. It is impossible but that I shall come to rude words here, and one thing I mean to demand is, to reside in the King's palace. 1625, Oct. 31, Salisbury.

Memoirandum by the Bishop of Mande. In respect of the affairs of England, they ought always to urge the case of the Catholics in the name of the King of France, and the matter of the household ought to be brought forward in the name of the Queen Mother. 1625, October.

Bishop Duplessis to Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs. The interview between the Duke of Buckingham and the French ambassador, about the Duke's journey, has had no fruit. I believe that the Duke had some design on Dunkirk which he thought to accomplish on his passage; but there has been a violent storm, and this has perhaps prevented it. Attempts have been made to introduce Puritans as officers in the Queen's household. The Duke makes no effort towards her goodwill which she does not overture. 1625, October 31, Salisbury.

Mons. de Blainville to Louis XIII. There have been better usage and more compliments towards him in his audience of the King this evening, and in respect of the officers of the Queen's household, the Count de Tillières was sent for by the Council after dinner to understand particulars of the matter. 1625, Oct. 31, Salisbury.

Louis XIII. to Mons. de Blainville. He is to dissuade the Duke of Buckingham from coming to France until he first contents the King about the Queen of England's household, and the restitution of the vessels demanded, and to say that he will receive no consideration as long as he is venturing in that which is due to his master. He is also to persist in claiming the accustomed privileges as an ambassador extraordinary, and remonstrate about the detention of his couriers. 1625, Nov. 11.

Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs to the Bishop of Mande. Blainville is to tell the Duke of Buckingham, that if he comes to France as a friend, he will be well received, but that since he has thwarted all that regards the good of his Majesty's service in respect of the affairs of the Catholics, the household of the Queen, and the restitution of the vessels taken by De Soubise, he cannot expect but to be badly entertained; yet if he wishes to give the King contentment, it may produce I know not what. The matters of Rochelle proceed well, 1625, Nov. 10.

Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs to Mons. de Blainville. The counsel you give that the king should go into Picardy will be followed. De Vic has pressed again that the English vessels may be returned, but the same answer was given as at first, and the King evidently intends only to send back the "Roberge," when the "St. John" is given up. 1625, Nov. 11.

"Memoir" delivered by Monsieur de Blainville to the King of Great Britain. Received. Nov. 15, 1625. The points of this document are the King of England's promise, made on his marriage with the King of France's sister, not to trouble the Catholics in their persons or goods because of their religion, and the direct violation of such promise in a late edict against the Catholics; the fact of the capture of several French vessels by Mons. de Soubise, which he has taken into English ports; and the matter of the establishment of the Queen.

Bishop Duplessis to Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs. The King of England presses for the return of his ships, ostensibly because the late storm has destroyed many, and that he needs them for defence of his coasts, but really that he may help Mons. de Soubise with less difficulty. Mons. de Chevreuse said too openly to the Duke of Buckingham that the King of France meant to keep the ships to achieve the ruin of the Rochellers, but so bitter a pill ought to have been better glided. 1625, November 15.

Mons. de Blainville to Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs. The Ambassador of Holland came to sound me about the King's intentions in respect of Holland in reference to the ruin of Spain. I beg for instructions, that he may not be left in this present state of purgatory. 1625, November 5.

Mons. de Blainville to Louis XIII. I have delivered in writing to the King of England your Majesty's requests in respect of the Catholics, the Queen of England, and the affairs of Monsieur de Soubise, but I cannot promise better answer than before. The desire to save Soubise still animates the King. A good way to get rid of him and to please the King would be to send him to Italy to serve Monsieur de Savoy; with his vessels. The Earl of Carlisle is a grand enemy to France. 1625, Nov. 5.

Philip Burlamachi to Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs. Have been summoned to the Court to attend to provisions which the King is making in Denmark and for the Count of Mansfeldt, but have excused myself. 1625, Oct. 28.

Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs to Mons. the Bishop of Mande. Resolution has been taken to go against Rochelle, but the sending Soubise into Italy, according to the suggestion of Blainville, is judged too perilous. The Court of Rome repents breaking with France, and is seeking to mend matters. 1625, Nov. 20.

Louis XIII. to Mons. de Blainville. Your suggestion to send Soubise into Italy could not be carried out, for to arm him would have enabled him to serve Rochelle. I am resolved to chastise these rebels and to reduce them to reason. Marshals de Themines and Praslin will command my armies. 1625, Nov. 19.

Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs to Mons. de Blainville. By the King's letter you will see that your prophecies are accomplished, and you will receive all credit from that which results from your advice. Respecting that which has happened to Biliault, you must take care to put in cipher the important parts of your letters. The Spaniards have broken camp before Verona, and already their cannon has retreated. 1625, Nov. 19, St. Germain.

"Memoir" sent to Monsieur de Blainville, ambassador in England, of the resolutions of the King of France in respect of the affairs of Germany, Rochelle, Monsieur de Soubise, &c. 1625, Nov. 18.

Mons. Blainville to Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs. Complains of his silence, that his counsel and the Bishop's is neglected. It is said that the Duke of Buckingham goes to Holland to ruin the Prince of Orange, and to arrange that the Dutch shall take the Kings of England and Bohemia for protectors. 1625, Nov. 16.

Mons. de Blainville to Louis XIII. Buckingham's journey to Holland postponed. Monty refused provisions, to compel him to leave the coast by famine. French ships to be discharged and sold. His remonstrances. The matter of his being lodged at Hampton Court. 1625, Nov. 16.

Duke of Buckingham to Louis XIII. Thanks for your Majesty's letters. I take this opportunity of professing my affection, which your Majesty will easily be able to prove when you please to weigh my services with those of others, be they great or little, who have endeavoured to acquire your Majesty's favour by rendering ill offices to others most devoted in heart to myself. Undated.

Louis XIII. to Mons. de Blainville. I desire you again to demand restitution of the vessels which have been stolen from me; it being a thing unheard of that vessels carrying the flag of a Prince and an ally, and known to belong to his subjects, should be taken and put in arrest. 1625, Dec. 2, Paris.

Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs to the Bishop of Mande. The news of Italy very good for France, that the Spaniards have fled from before Verona. News of Spain less good, that the English had re-embarked, not having taken Cadix; where they landed, but lost 600 men killed and drowned in the embarkation. 1625, Dec. 2, Paris.

Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs to Mons. de Blainville. News from Spain. The English who had landed in the Isle of Cadix have been compelled to re-embark, having lost 300 men in combat and as many more drowned. Perhaps they will now be more tractable and respectful. 1625, Dec. 2, Paris.

Mons. de Blainville to Louis XIII. Buckingham's purpose is now to go to France; and the King has given him one of the best horses out of his stable for Monsieur de Chevreuse; but the journey is approved by no one. The King was gone hunting forty miles off, or I would have delivered my despatches at once. I will bring forward the matter of the ships. Reported descent of a naval armament on Spain. Arrival of Deputies from Rochelle to seek the King of England's aid. Dunkirkers gone to Ireland. The ships which were to have taken Buckingham are gone to fight them. 1625, Nov. 19.

Mons. de Blainville to Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs. The affairs of France kindle the minds of people here so violently that the destruction of Rochelle must bring about a disturbance there; and the worst of it is that there is such violence in the council for the removal of Buckingham, and in the conduct of him who rules in his absence, as also in the new Keeper of the Seals, that remedy is impossible. 1625, Dec. 4.

Mons. de Blainville to Louis XIII. Audience of the King of England. His desire to get back his ships and hinder the siege of Rochelle. His request for peace for the Huguenots. Impossibility of revoking his edict against the Catholics. The King's opinion of the dangerous maxims of the Catholic religion, and especially of the doctrine of the Jesuits. Damnable books burnt by the executioner at Paris. Proposal to the King to treat the mischievous Catholics only with severity. His laughing reply. 1625, Nov. 27.

Mons. de Blainville to Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs. There is a change in the King of England's words, but not in his conduct. He refuses to put up the French ship, the "St. John." I shall require advice in case the King of England treats the refusal to return his ships as an act of hostility. 1625, Nov. 28, Hampton Court.

Bishop Duplessis to Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs. The assembly of the English council at Rhetin [sic]. A commission is issued under the Great Seal to put in execution the laws against the Catholics. Departure of the Duke of Buckingham with the navy in pursuit of the Dunkirkers. His determined intention to visit France. Great talk of succouring Rochelle. England must be spoken to firmly, and menaced with the treaty of Italy. Great necessity in England. 1625, Nov. 24, Hampton Court.

Bishop Duplessis to Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs. There is nothing but fear and necessity in England, and broken promises. Sale of French ships and merchandise. New persecutions of the Catholics. Buckingham's safety in their ruin. Threats must be used towards England. The siege of Rochelle should be proceeded with. 1625, Nov. 26.

Charles I. to Louis XIII. I put away affairs of state to say how pleased I am to see your Majesty has a servant so fit and active in the pursuit of the French ship, the "St. John." We have in England no stag hunting in winter, but I hope some day to hunt in your Majesty's company. 1625, Nov. 20, Hampton Court.

Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs to Mons. de Blainville. The King of France hunting. The purpose against Rochelle not changed. You are thought too bold not to write your despatches in cipher. 1625, Dec. 4.

Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs to Mons. the Bishop of Mande. The King's purpose against the Rochellers is not changed. Blainville writes that the Queen of England governs her husband; but this would be such good news that I dare not believe it. Pray God keep his mind in such good state, for their religion and the King's service will derive advantage. 1625, Dec. 6.

Louis XIII. to Mons. de Blainville. The position which the Queen of England, my sister, has attained much pleases me, and I hope to derive advantage from her conduct, so that hereafter the Catholics may be assisted. You must tell the King of England that to employ Soubise in the command of a fleet to relieve Rochelle will be to treat entirely with France; and you must again demand the delivery of the French ship the "St. John" to Monsieur Manty. 1625, Dec. 6.

Bishop Duplessis to Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs. The Earl of Carlisle has received a letter from Buckingham, signifying that the journey they know of being deferred, the Duke will be there on the 14th December. There is no talk in England but of the relief of Rochelle; but they have no power I think to effect it. 1625, Nov. 29, Hampton Court.

Mons. Blainville to Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs. Affairs here are no longer in a condition to be mended by persuasion. When the Duke of Buckingham arrives in France, you will get all the good or the ill you expect (from England). 1625, Nov. 29, Hampton Court.

Monsieur Manty to Mons. de Blainville. Your news has given us all courage, and we are prepared to suffer all kind of inconvenience to hinder the rebels from passing back by sea. I shall start at once, and hope to meet the ship from Rochelle. The bearer is a Catholic, a gentleman connected with a person of good quality of that country, Ser Jean Quellegre [Sir John Killigrew?], who desires your favour. 1625, Nov. 28, Falmouth.

"Memoir" of Monsieur de Manty to Mons. le Chevalier, of the principal things which he ought to represent to Mons. le Marquis de Blainville, Ambassador Extraordinary for the King of France with the King of Great Britain. [1625, November.]

* Delivered by the Sieur Ja. Quellegre. [Sir John Killigrew?]

Monsieur de Manty to Monsieur de Blainville. By a person [Killigrew?] who is well affected to the King of France. He has given me a great deal of good advice, and will give you particulars about the behaviour of Bointon, the captain of Falmouth (? Castle, as also of our necessity; for if we are not soon helped we must all go with white sticks in our hands and beg to return to France. 1625, Dec. 4, Falmouth.

Monsieur de Manty to Mons. de Blainville. Pray tell the King of England that, if we had all been angels, we could not have suffered more for the Rochellers than we have done. The Hollanders have no money, and are resolved to leave them in sight of ten days. 1625, Dec. 5.

Form of an agreement made with the captains of certain English vessels to serve the King of France. 1625.

Mons. de Manty to Mons. de Blainville. Respecting the recall of the Dutch vessels by the States General, on pretext of ravages committed by the Dunkirkers. 1625, Dec. 11.

"Memoir" of Monsieur de Manty to Monsieur de Blainville for representation to the King of England in respect of the behaviour of the government of Falmouth to himself with regard to the French ship the "St. John." [1625, Dec.]

Louis XIII. to Monsieur de Blainville. The Sieur de la Folie has told me that there is no chance of obtaining justice of the English, nor restitution of our vessels taken by them, and that the Sieur de Soubise will be aided to succour Rochelle. As I am at war with Spain and the Huguenots, I do not wish to do anything on slight grounds to offend the English, but I have heard from the Duke of Buckingham that I am represented to have said that I did not wish him to come to France. This I deny; and I request you now to tell the Duke that as I continue to receive no friendship at his hands, and as the Duke still does all he can to estrange the

King of England from France, unless he now gets certain requests of redress resolved at his master's hands, until then I certainly will not receive him. Give me notice the moment you know that the ships destined for Rochelle are ready, and that you have a bark at hand in some harbour in Ireland that my cousin the Admiral may have his navy ready to hinder the said aid from being brought to Rochelle, and that some of those ships may be prepared which go against the wind. 1625, Dec. 14.

Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs to the Bishop of Mande. Re-capitalizing the King's instructions to the ambassador expressed in the foregoing letter. 1625, Dec. 14.

Mons. de Blainville to Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs. The bearer, in the service of the Queen of England, will communicate what has taken place since my last despatch; but as they are only words, and not deeds, and which are so often renewed, my inexperience ranks them as so many sturdy refusals. 1625, Dec. 12, Hampton Court.

Mons. de Blainville to Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs. By this answer to certain requests I have presented on the part of the King of France, you will be able to make comparison of the delicacy of English minds with my own, to my humiliation. This menace is enough for a foolish man like the writer. 1625, Dec. 4, Hampton Court.

Declaration of the King of England against the English Catholics made at Reading. 1625, Nov. 11.

Answer made by the King of England to certain demands made to him on the part of the King of France, in respect to the treatment of the Catholics, the chapel and cemetery to be provided for the Queen of England, and the matters of certain ships. [1625, Nov.]

Signor Burlamachi to Mons. de Blainville. Respecting the case of the Marshal de Limoges, who has goods unjustly taken, having been no declaration of war between England and Spain at the time he had his purchases. 1625, Nov. 23, London.

Bishop Duplessis to Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs. I send you for your gratification a copy of the Commission designed against the Catholics, by which you will be able to judge of the nation's humour, and the little trust there is in their promises. The Duke of Buckingham is confirmed of a Dauphin. A courier has been sent to Holland to tell the Duke, and the King presses his return, but not before he has made a certain journey you know of. The King on going out hunting told the Queen, that he gives Carlisle orders to speak to her on his part. The chief point of his discourse was, that she must not think ill of the execution of the laws against the Catholics, for on them depended the surety of the State. The Queen's answer was, that she knew the King her brother intended to have the promises made to him performed; that she would submit to the King her husband's decisions, but never pardon his advisers; so as Carlisle saw she was in this humour, he made promises to content her, which must be believed when they are performed. 1625, Dec. 3 and 4.

Mons. de Blainville to Louis XIII. I send your Majesty a copy of the declaration resolved on, by which you may see the difference between the words and the acts of the people of this country, for the persecution of the Catholics is determined, as well as the cancelling of the secret articles of the Marriage Treaty with the Queen your sister. For myself I cannot resist telling your Majesty, being here as I am, that I perceive weakly as in the state, ill-will in all which concerns France, irresolution in all their designs, insolence against those who show any fear of them, and great caution and deference to those who treat them in another fashion. Nothing touches them so much as the expected ruin of the Rochellers, so they are sending a sort of fleet to sea, with letters of marque, as if to make war on Spain, but really to join M. de Soubise. Your Majesty will see by these circumstances that the affairs of England are all in confusion, that the King can with difficulty execute his own designs or impede your Majesty's. 1625, October 2.

Louis XIII. to Mons. de Manty. Desires him to prevent the ships of Holland, under Admiral Hantlin, from returning to their ports. 1625, Dec. 26.

Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs to Mons. de Blainville. The return of the Dutch ships to their ports would be very prejudicial to the King's service, and his Majesty has therefore commanded Hantlin to prevent any of them from leaving. I beg you to penetrate the cause of this order, which I must attribute to Buckingham, in his desire to aid the Rochellers. 1625, Dec. 26.

Louis XIII. to Mons. de Blainville. That no good effects must be expected from the King of Great Britain's desire for a good intelligence between the two kingdoms, must be attributed to the evil counsel which is given him. Nothing touches me like the affairs of the Catholics of England, nevertheless you will press them in no respect more warmly than you already have done; at the same time you cannot cease to show the King the wrong he does himself in avoiding what he engaged to perform on the word of a prince and a king. You will continue to demand the restitution of my ships, and if the King makes any comparison between the case of the Rochellers, and the English Catholics, you will not omit to present to him the great difference in these cases, in that the latter are accused of no crime except that of desiring to serve God according to their religion. 1625, [Dec.] 18.

Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs to Bishop Duplessis. Your communications, and that which the Queen of Great Britain has written to her mother, confirms my opinion that she will let them see the strength as well as the beauty of her character, and in time the power which she will obtain over her husband will be the anchor of safety of the Catholics. She must take care not to appear frightened, and not to lose the goodwill of her husband. Ultimately he will be moved by her tears, so she must treat all his proposals with respect, showing her grief at all which he shall do against the Catholics, and testifying her displeasure at those who support him, and then, when he is overcome by her cares, the conduct of Buckingham and others will be more moderate. 1625, Dec. 18.

Mons. de Blainville to Louis XIII. As Buckingham seeks to gain his master's favour by the protection of the Huguenots of Rochelle, your Majesty must hope for no goodwill from this court, and more vigorous measures must therefore be pursued towards them. I told the King of his ill-treatment of your Majesty in persecuting the Catholics contrary to his promise, in leaving the Queen, his wife, without performing the article of their marriage treaty, and in the conclusion of our talk, he begged me not to press him for an

answer at once. If your Majesty knew England as well as I do, you would scarcely think that she has the means to carry out two great wars at once. 1625, Dec. 18.

Mons. de Blainville to Louis XIII. Buckingham has returned from Holland without any great advantage. The first act of the King's council has been to promise the Deputies from Rochelle such assistance as will oblige them to a stubborn defence of their city. I saw Buckingham this morning, who complained of your Majesty not returning the King's ships. 1625, Dec. 22.

Bishop Duplessis to Mons. de la Ville aux Clercs. You must not be astonished at the varying nature of my news, coming as they do from a place where the strongest resolutions last no longer than an attack of fever. Buckingham's return is expected directly; his friends spread various reports to appease the Puritans, who are murmuring against his conduct, and who attribute to the English ships the loss of M. de Soubris. 1625, Dec. 4.

Mons. de Blainville to Louis XIII. I know well that the English nation is reputed formidable by your Majesty, and that the Duke of Buckingham passes in the mouth of some persons as a torrent which overturns all it encounters; but knowing from the situation of the island that it is unfitted for grand enterprises, depending on the winds, and needing such great preparations, and that it is weak in numbers, poor in money, the nation inconstant in all its designs, impudent towards those who fear them, and very humble to those who do not, I do not think your Majesty should have any fear of them, "if you preserve your dignity and your courage." Parliament is to be held on the 20th of February next, and the coronation of the Queen, your sister, is to take place at the same time. Buckingham, to gain over the people, has given orders to an English captain to take fifty ships to demand restitution of the vessels which have been sent to your Majesty. 1625, Dec. 29.

Bishop Duplessis. A letter written in cipher. The Duke of Buckingham and the fleet have arrived, as has my Lord Cecil, who commanded, and has lost the little reputation he had acquired. The English must be undeceived; an act of vigour would astonish them; they who suffer injuries without resenting them expose themselves to receive others. Your silence is considered a proof of your weakness. If you do not act, you will have the Pope and the English, God and the Devil against you. You cannot refuse restitution of the English ships. The finances here are so low that they wish the number of the Catholics were greater, that there might be the more to pillage. 1625, January.

Blainville to Louis XIII. The King has resolved to place English officers in the Queen's household, saying that every man should be master in his own house. On the Bishop of Mande's remonstrating, and reminding him that the Queen had sworn to the Nuncio never to have an officer about her of any other religion than her own, he said that the thing was out of his power. 1625, January 4. Hampton Court.

Blainville to Louis XIII. The King of England, before proceeding to an open rupture with you, purposes to send Carleton as Ambassador-Extraordinary to you. You will recollect that I told you that the English often proceed towards the extreme point, but never pass it. It remains for me only to beg that I may be withdrawn, to be near your person, an honour which will be more dear to me than all others. 1625, January 7.

Queen Henrietta Maria to Louis XIII. The King sending my cousin, the Earl of Holland, as Ambassador-Extraordinary to your Majesty, I could not let him go without these few lines, to beg you to keep me in the honour of your good graces. 1625, January 7.

Charles I. to Louis XIII. Letter of introduction of the Earl of Holland and Sir Dudley Carleton, his Ambassadors-Extraordinary to France. 1625, December 30. Hampton Court.

FINIS.

ECCLIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE NEW BISHOP OF SIERRA LEONE.—The Queen has been pleased to appoint the Rev. Edward Hyndman Beckles, D.D., to be Bishop of Sierra Leone in the room of the Right Rev. John Bowen, deceased. The Bishop designate was for some years Curate of St. Michael's, Trinidad, in the diocese of Barbadoes; in 1853 he became Rector of St. Peter's, in St. Christopher's, diocese of Antigua. Dr. Beckles is the fourth Bishop of Sierra Leone, since the year 1852, when the Bishopric was founded.

CONVOCATION.—It is stated that the Convocation for the province of Canterbury, which will meet on Wednesday the 25th inst., will be prorogued, at the close of the day's session, to Tuesday, February 14th. It is expected that several motions of importance will be taken into consideration on the day last-named.

THE SPECIAL SUNDAY-EVENING SERVICES.—The second of the Special Sunday-evening services at St. Paul's was held last Sunday evening under the dome; the sermon was preached by the Rev. Daniel Moore, M.A. At Westminster Abbey, the preacher was the Rev. Thomas James Russell, M.A., incumbent of St. Peter's, Stepney; and at Exeter Hall, the Rev. W. B. Mackenzie, M.A., incumbent of St. James', Holloway. The Victoria Theatre was opened for the first time for religious services on the same day; the first service taking place in the afternoon, when the sermon was preached by the Rev. Wm. Landels, minister of the Baptist Chapel, in the Regent's

Park; the second in the evening, when the service consisted of a hymn given out by a layman, — a chapter read by the Rev. Dr. Steane (Baptist), of Camberwell, — and a sermon by the Rev. S. Minton, M.A., incumbent of Percy Chapel. At the Garrick Theatre, Whitechapel, there were services in the afternoon and evening, as also at St. James's Hall; at the former, the sermons were preached by the Rev. George Smith (Independent), and the Rev. C. S. F. Money, M.A., incumbent of St. John's, Deptford; at the latter place by the Rev. John Graham, of Craven Chapel, and the Rev. Paxton Hood, of Barnsbury Park. At Sadler's Wells Theatre, there was also a service, conducted by the Rev. F. Tucker, minister of the Baptist Chapel, Camden Road, Holloway.

COLONIAL.—Diocese of Montreal.—The new Cathedral at Montreal was opened for divine service on the first Sunday in Advent, although the consecration will not take place before next summer. The sermon in the morning was preached by the bishop; that in the afternoon by the dean; and that in the evening by the archdeacon. The number present at the evening service was estimated to be as high as 2000.

THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON'S NEW TABERNAACLE.—The friends of Mr. Spurgeon have lately held a Meeting, with the view of presenting their pastor with a New Year's offering, towards the completion of the new Tabernacle. It was announced that 9,000*l.* had already been expended, and that a balance of 8,000*l.* was in hand, but 30,000*l.* would be required. More than 100 men were constantly employed, and the walls were rapidly rising. The gentleman who gave 3,000*l.* on the laying of the first stone, has forwarded an intimation that he will give 2,000*l.* more.

The *Delhi Gazette* says that "the Bara Rajah is going to turn Christian and marry the daughter of one of the section writers of the government secretariat. The Rajah of Koopoorhulla set the example by marrying a young Christian lady, and it seems others are going to follow it."

The *Mortara Case*.—A telegraphic despatch, dated Modena, Jan. 2, announces that proofs having been afforded to the Government by the Mortara family, that the kidnapping of their child had been ordered by the Rev. Father and Inquisitor Filetti, the latter has been arrested, and judicial proceedings have been instituted against him.

The *Morning News* gives the following copy of the answer of his Holiness to the address of the Archbishop and secular and regular clergy of the diocese of Dublin, adopted at their meeting on the 3rd of November, 1859:—

Venerabilis Fratri Paulo Archiepiscopo Dublinensi, ac Dilectis Filiis Omnibus Ecclesiasticis Viris utriusque Cleri ejusdem Dublinensis Diocesis. Pius P.P. IX. Venerabilis Frater, ac Dilecti Filii, Salutem et Apostolicam Benedictionem. Nihil gratius, nihil amabilius vestris litteris die tertio proximo mensis Novembris scriptis, ac nuper ad nos perlatis, que summam nobis attulerunt consolationem inter maximas, quibus premimur, amaritudines. In eisdem enim litteris undique mirifice elucet singularis vestra erga nos, et hanc Petri Cathedram fides, pietas, amor, et observantia, atque omni ex parte se ostendit acerbissimum tribulationum moror ob notissimas, in quibus versamur, tribulationes nequissimis illorum hominum consiliis et molitionibus, qui acerrimum contra Catholicam Ecclesiam, hanc Apostolicam Sedem, et beati Petri patrimonium gerunt bellum, ac jura omnia divina et humana funditus delere conantur. Equidem non potuimus non vehementer oblectari hisce egregiis vestris sensibus, qui amplissimis laudibus omnino digni paternam nostram erga te, Venerabilis Frater, ac vos, Dilecti Filii, caritatem vel maxime excitaverunt et auxerunt. Ne intermitte ardore usque studio clementissimum misericordiarum Patrem orare et obsecrare, ut Ecclesiam Suam Sanctam a tot calamitatibus eripiat, eamque splendidiorem in dies exornet et augeat triumphis, ac nos adjuvet et consoletur, in omni tribulatione nostra, atque omnipotenti sua virtute omnes Ecclesiam Suam, et hujus Apostolicæ Sedis hostes ad veritatis, justitiæ, salutisque semitas reducere dignetur. Nihil vero dubitamus, Venerabilis Frater, ac Dilecti Filii, quin vos Deo bene juvante nihil potius habere velitis, quam majore usque alacritate et contentione ea omnia provide, sapienter, ac strenue peragere, que in hac præsertim tanta temporum iniquitate ad Dei, ejusque Sanctæ Ecclesiæ causam tuendam, ad animarum salutem procurandam, ad telicorum hominum fraudes detegendas, erroresque refutandos summopere conducant. Perussissimum autem vobis sit, propensissimum æque ac studiosissimum esse paterni nostri erga vos animi voluntatem. Cujus quoque certissimum pignus accipitis Apostolicam Benedictionem, quam ex limbo corde profectam habet, Venerabilis Frater, ac vobis, Dilecti Filii, peramanter impertimur.

Datum Romæ apud S. Petrum die primo Decembris, Anno 1859, Pontificatus Nostri Anno Decimoquarto.

Pius P. P. IX.

[Translation]

"TO OUR VENERABLE BROTHER PAUL, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, &c."

"To our venerable brother and dearly-beloved sons health and our apostolic benediction. Nothing could be more agreeable, nothing more lovely, than your letters bearing date the 3rd of November last, and lately delivered to us, which brought to us very great consolation amid the deep sorrows with which we were borne down. For everywhere throughout these letters there shines forth wonderfully your singular faith, piety, love, and reverence towards ourselves and the chair of Peter; everywhere your bitter grief displays itself at the tribulations into which we are plunged by the wicked designs and endeavours of those men who wage most fierce war against the Catholic Church, the Apostolic Throne, and the patrimony of St. Peter; and who are endeavouring to destroy the foundations of all Divine and human right. We could not but be greatly delighted by these excellent sentiments of yours, which, worthy of all praise as they are, have raised to the highest point our paternal love towards thee, venerable brother, and you, beloved sons. Do not cease to pray and beseech the Father of all Mercies with still more earnest supplication that He will snatch his Holy Church from so many calamities, and daily magnify and adorn it with more splendid triumphs; and assist and console us in all our tribulations; and that He will deign, of his omnipotent goodness, to lead back all the enemies of his Church and of this Apostolic Throne to the paths of truth, justice, and salvation. We doubt not, venerable brother, and beloved sons, but that you, by the aid of the Almighty, desire nothing more than to perform with still greater zeal and earnestness, all those duties which, fulfilled thoughtfully, wisely, and zealously, may so greatly conduce to the defence of the cause of God and of his Holy Church, to the salvation of souls, to the exposure of the deceptions and the refutation of the errors of wicked men, in this time of special iniquity. Be assured that the feeling of our paternal mind towards yourselves is equally warm and devoted. At a most certain pledge whereby receive our apostolic benediction, which from our inmost heart, full of love, we bestow on thee, beloved brother, and on our beloved sons."

"Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, the 1st of December, 1859, in the 14th year of our Pontificate."

"PIUS P.P. IX."

MISCELLANEA.

IONIAN ASSOCIATION.—The *Official Gazette* of Corfu contains the report of a meeting held on Friday, Oct. 28th, for the purpose of considering the bases of an Ionian Association for the promotion of science, literature, and art in the Ionian Islands. It is proposed that the object of the Association shall be to collect information on literature, art, and science, to encourage the energies of Ionian citizens and others by the distribution of prizes and certificates of honour, to institute inquiries into the past history and the present physical resources and condition of the islands and the adjacent continent. It will also, as far as possible, collect works of value from other countries, and open correspondence and interchange of information and courtesy, on literary, artistic, and scientific subjects, with the institutes, universities, and other learned bodies of foreign nations. A committee has been appointed to prepare the regulations of the Association, of which Sir A. Mustoxidi, K.C.M.G., is the president; H. Drummond Wolff, Esq., C.M.G., is the vice-president; and the French and Russian consuls-general are members. It is a good undertaking, and we wish it success.

PORTRAIT OF RITTER.—We are told "Ritter was tall and powerfully built, with an immense forehead, and a figure like that of Goethe; that his looks were full of gentleness, and that he had a sweet smile. He walked slowly, with an uncertain gait, stopping occasionally as if for reflection. His eyes were directed far off, as if he was dreaming of distant regions in Africa or Asia, and were rarely turned towards those to whom he was speaking. His voice was interrupted, as if sharply restrained by sudden thought, and every movement showed him to be possessed with the demon of science. Although old and time-worn, it was apparent that he was still young for study. His discourse, of marvellous clearness, dealt with the grandest subjects in the simple language of childhood, and his pupils listened not only with intelligence, but with affection, such grace and mildness characterised his speech."

THE LATE MR. BAYLE ST. JOHN.—Our readers will learn with interest that a fund is being raised for the benefit of the family of the late Mr. Bayle St. John, who died August 1st, 1859, after a protracted and painful illness, which disabled him from the pursuit of his literary labours. We need not remind our readers of the great promise given, and to a great extent fulfilled, by this la-

mented writer. A contributor to newspapers and magazines while yet in his teens,—a writer in *Fraser* at twenty,—an author of many well-known works,—he died at the early age of thirty-six, a victim to the wear and tear of mind and body required in the present day of those who are compelled to seek a livelihood by ministering to the literary wants of the public. We fear that this notice of the proposed fund for the benefit of Mr. St. John's family will appear to be rather late. We can but regret that the recent changes in the management of the *Literary Gazette* have prevented us from an earlier allusion to it. As it is, we earnestly recommend it to the attention of our readers, and heartily wish that the promoters of the fund may meet with success. We may state that subscriptions will be received by Messrs. Twining, bankers, 245, Strand, payable to the joint account of Mr. Edward Copping, Mr. John Smith, and Mr. Horace St. John.

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